

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME LI.

No. 3482 April 1, 1911

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VOL. CCLXIX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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The Little Ghost, Etc.

THE LITTLE GHOST.

The stars began to peep;
Gone was the bitter day;
She heard the milky ewes
Bleat to their lambs astray.
Her heart cried for her lamb
Cold in the churchyard sod:
She could not think of the happy children
At play with the Lamb of God.

She heard the calling ewes
And the lambs' answer, alas!
She heard her heart's blood drip in the night
As the ewes' milk on the grass.
Her tears that burnt like fire
So bitter and slow ran down:
She could not think on the new-washed children
Playing by Mary's gown.

Oh, who is this comes in
Over her threshold-stone?
And why is the old dog wild with joy
Who all day long made moan?
This fair little radiant ghost,
Her one little son of seven,
New-scaped from the band of merry children
In the nurseries of Heaven.

He was all clad in white,
Without a speck or stain;
His curls had a ring of light
That rose and fell again.
"Now come with me, my own mother,
And you shall have great ease,
For you shall see the lost children
Gathered to Mary's knees."

Oh, lightly sprang she up,
Nor waked her sleeping man;
And hand in hand with the little ghost
Through the dark night she ran.
She is gone swift as a fawn,
As a bird homes to its nest.
She has seen them lie, the sleepy children,
"Twixt Mary's arm and breast.

At morning she came back;
Her eyes were strange to see.
She will not fear the long journey
However long it be.

As she goes in and out
She sings unto herself;
For she has seen the mothers' children
And knows that it is well.
Katharine Tynan.
The Spectator.

UNTO THE HILLS.

*"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills
from whence cometh my help."
—Psalm cxxi.*

I lift mine eyes to Thy high hills, O
God,
To seek the strength they give;
The patience of their mighty lives
Can teach me how to live.

I lift mine eyes to Thy calm hills, O
God,
And passionately pray
I may go on with dauntless heart
To face the darkening day.

I lift mine eyes to Thy dark hills, O
God,
When lo! there breaks a light,
The eternal promise of Thy law:
"Fear not, day follows night."

I lift mine eyes to Thy great hills, O
God,
And through the clouds above
I clearly see Thy wondrous hand
That guides in changeless love.
H.

The Westminster Gazette.

COURAGE.

If in the past should brooding sorrow
dwell,
Look not that way;
Let not the echoes of a tolling bell
Ring in another day.
Be brave in thought—the fearless
thought shall lead
To the achievement of the fearless
deed.

Ella Fuller Maitland.

DEMOCRACY IN ENGLISH FICTION. *

However we may despise fiction, there is no doubt that it often unconsciously fulfils purposes which no other form of writing, except perhaps diaries and familiar letters, can pretend to fulfil. It gives us the atmosphere of an age or a generation, and it clothes the dry bones of history with flesh and blood. We shall find, as might be expected, that just in proportion as the lower classes—we use the term in no invidious sense—rise in importance, so do works of fiction concern themselves with their doings. In the days of Homer, while the adventures and exploits of kings and chiefs were chronicled with abundance of loving and admiring detail, the common herd were almost passed over in silence.¹ So tales of chivalry, the delight of the Middle Ages, dealt mainly with the doings of noble knights and beautiful ladies. Chaucer and Piers Plowman reflect in their poems the change that was coming over English thought and life. The characters, largely drawn from the middle classes, who appear in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, herald a new era in English literature. But in the Tales themselves the serious element is chiefly supplied by the "privileged classes," while the lower orders are mainly employed to give comic relief. The old ballad of Chevy Chase puts into the mouth of perhaps its bravest warrior the characteristic words:

You be two earls, quoth Witherington,
And I a squire alone.

Even Shakespeare does not, as a rule, concern himself much with the doings of the baser sort. He has a great con-

tempt for the masses, as we may see in the opening scene of *Julius Caesar*, and, like Chaucer, he generally utilizes them to supply the comic element in his plays. But there is at least one notable exception. The finest scene in *Henry V* is without doubt the one where the king, unrecognized in the early morning twilight before the battle of Agincourt, takes part in the dialogue between "Bates, Court and Williams," three English soldiers, on the probable fortunes of the day. Here Shakespeare shows a genuine sympathy with the point of view of the common soldier, and the reality which this gives to the situation adds to the impressiveness of the magnificent soliloquy which follows:

Upon the king!

This, however, is almost a solitary instance, for the beautiful figure of "Adam" in *As You Like It*—a part which tradition tells us, and which we love to believe, was once performed by the poet himself—shows us one whose chief characteristic is that of fidelity to his superiors. It is in this character, and not merely on his own account, that he interests us.

Long indeed after Shakespeare's time the main interest of English fiction, as well as of the drama, continued to lie with the upper classes. "Every reader" (says Goldsmith in the *Vicar of Wakefield*), "however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies and Knights of the Garter." This delightful romance loses, nevertheless, none of its charm from the circumstance that it deals with the fortunes of sim-

Hyne. (London: T. Nelson and Sons. 1910.) And other Works.

* "The Vicar of Wakefield." By Oliver Goldsmith. (London. 1766.)

"Bleak House." By Charles Dickens. (London. 1853.)

"The Old Wives' Tales." By Arnold Bennett. (London: Chapman and Hall. 1908.)

"Thompson's Progress." By Cutcliffe

¹ The delightful episodes of Eumæus and Euryclæa, both in the *Odyssey*, might be quoted as exceptions; but the poet's main interest is in their relations with Odysseus.

ple and humble folk; and Fielding's novels also show that the public taste was shifting, and that "low life" had begun to have an interest of its own. "Except what Dr. Burdock does" (says Lady Blarney in the *Vicar of Wakefield*) "and our dear countess at Hanover Square there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature, not a bit of high life among them." This was written about 1765. Fielding had died in 1749, but his popularity was very high when Goldsmith wrote, and the art of Hogarth, though chiefly concerned with the vices and follies of the rich, was as broad in its sympathies as it doubtless was in its humor. It was long, however, before literature seriously occupied itself with the fortunes of the very poor. Some of the most exquisite lines of Gray's *Elegy* show a fine and real sympathy with the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," though we may venture to doubt if the shy sensitive inmate of Peterhouse would have had very much to say to one of the rustics of Stoke Pogis if he had found himself in his company. Shenstone's delightful *Schoolmistress* and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* somewhat idealize the rustic life. Perhaps the first writer who ventured to paint the English poor as they really are was Crabbe. Such lines as the following make one wonder that he and Robert Burns could have existed in the same century and in the same kingdom:

Reuben and Rachel, though as fond as doves,
Were yet discreet and cautious in their loves;
Nor would attend to Cupid's wild commands
Till cool reflection made them join their hands.
When both were poor, they thought it argued ill
Of hasty love to make them poorer still;

Year after year, with savings long laid by,
They bought the future dwelling's full supply;
Her frugal fancy cull'd the smaller ware,
The weightier purchase asked her Reuben's care!
Together then their last year's gain they threw,
And lo! an auction'd bed with curtains neat and new!

What if, when Rachel gave her hand,
'twas one
Embrowned by winter's ice and summer's sun?
What if in Reuben's hair the female eye
Usurping gray among the black could spy?
What if, in both, life's bloomy flush was lost,
And their full autumn felt the mellowing frost?
Yet Time, who blowed the rose of youth away,
Had left the vigorous stem without decay.*

If Crabbe was one of the most prosaic of poets, there is no doubt that his great admirer Walter Scott was one of the most poetical of prose writers; and it is remarkable that a man of his aristocratic tastes and old world proclivities should have been inimitable in his representation of humble and middle-class life. He is far more "convincing" in his portraits of David and Jeanie Deans than he is—to our mind at least—in the somewhat conventional figures of his tales of chivalry who, while placed in the twelfth century, converse in quasi-Elizabethan English. We have only to mention his great novels—the *Antiquary*, *Guy Raverling*, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, etc., to remind ourselves of scenes in which he shows a sympathy, quite unpatronizing, with the peasant, the fisherman, the gipsy, the beggar, the Liddesdale yeoman and the Highlander. One feels

* "Parish Register."

that he has lived with the people, eaten and drunk and talked with them, and all this without the slightest sacrifice of delicacy or refinement.

We cannot, especially with Mr. Barnes' delightful Dorset poems in our mind, exactly say of the English peasantry, "carent vate sacro." But we fear it must be owned that they are less susceptible of poetical handling than their northern neighbors. The English peasant of the Midlands and the South finds scarcely a place in the pages of Jane Austen. We feel little doubt that one of so kindly a nature, especially in her character of clergyman's daughter, was "good to the poor." But hardly ever in her pages is a poor man or woman sympathetically painted. The north of England fared better. Much of Wordsworth's genius was devoted to the presentation of the poetical side of humble life, and of those emotions which are shared by "the general heart of men," as illustrated in the lives of Cumbrian shepherds and other simple folk. Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, with its vivid photographs of Manchester workmen and workwomen, may be said to have been an "epoch-making" book. And the greatest of English women writers, George Eliot, chose for the hero of her most perfect work (the exquisite tale of Silas Marner) a Derbyshire weaver; while in her other great novels, the novels in which she is most truly herself, we find a gallery—second only to Scott's, and drawn as it would seem from Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, Notts, and Warwickshire—of men and women of nearly every class, whose enthusiasm has been aroused by the great Wesleyan and Evangelical movement—that one redeeming feature, apart from the great European struggle, in the crass dullness of eighteenth century life.

So far, however, be the theme what it may be, we find the pen always in

the hands of the "privileged" or "educated" classes. Men and women write about the poor, but they are not really of them.

With the advent of Dickens the new school of modern fiction may be said to begin. Dickens was a man of the people, and wrote for the people. Born and reared in poverty, scraggly and imperfectly educated (though it is extraordinary how his brilliant ability turned to account the few opportunities he had), trained in the hard school of adversity, and in very many departments of that school, he had seen more of life before he was thirty than many men do in double or treble the time. On the publication of *Pickwick* he may be said to have "awakened and found himself famous." In every circle of society his books were read, discussed, laughed over, cried over, wondered at, and doubtless criticized. We can hardly doubt that some great social reforms were indirectly promoted by them. "Mr. Pecksniff," "Mrs. Gamp," and "Dotheboys Hall" have become part of the English language. People protested at the "vulgarity" of Dickens, but they bought and read. They might have said with truth that it was not the vulgarity as such which attracted them, but the exuberant, bubbling humor which played around it, and the wholesome, kindly and, at bottom, religious nature of the writer. No one could ever say that Dickens had a coarse mind. Even when describing the foulest and most loathsome situations, we never feel that he is foul or loathsome. His sympathies are always on the right side. Like Dante's Vergil, he takes us down to some hideous circles of the Inferno, but he is himself unstained by their impurities. There is something Hogarthian in the touches of human tenderness with which he relieves some of his darkest pictures—such as the faithful dog-like devotion of the woman to Bill Sikes, despite all

his selfishness and cruelty, or the element of motherly affection in the heart of Lady Dedlock. It is worth notice how, even when Dickens is caricaturing the upper classes in the person of Sir Leicester Dedlock, his sense of fairness shows itself. Sir Leicester is a true gentleman through it all; courteous in his stiff way towards "the iron-master," and beautifully chivalrous to his erring wife. As Dickens' career continues, we see his tone distinctly rising, his earnestness deepening, his views of life expanding, and his workmanship becoming more refined; while in common with his brilliant contemporaries, Thackeray and Trollope, and indeed with most of our Early Victorian novelists, his writings might be enjoyed by readers of both sexes, and practically of all ages. In *Vanity Fair*, for instance, Thackeray has to follow the career of Becky Sharp; but where a writer of a younger generation would probably have handled the episode of Lord Steyne in an offensive, if not unreadable way, Thackeray contrives to tell the story without appealing to our coarser impulses. There is a dignity and self-restraint, a culture, a wit and refinement about his methods, which, alas, seems not always to have descended to our present school of writers. How differently, for instance, would a story like that of *Ruth*, so delicately and sympathetically handled by Mrs. Gaskell, have been treated by some of the lady (?) novelists of the present day! It is indeed a painful sign of the times that many of the writers of our most regrettable works of fiction should be women. Owing to causes which cannot be discussed at present, it seems as if delicacy in treatment of moral problems always went hand in hand with reverence for sacred things. Anyone who looks back to the great novelists in the latter half of the nineteenth century will feel how high their

standard was in these respects. A religious sense is never obtruded by any of the three great writers whom we have mentioned, but it would be easy to point to passages in all of them in support of this statement, such as—clerical satirist as he undoubtedly was—some really beautiful passages in Trollope's *Orley Farm* and the *Small House at Allington*, while parts of his novel of *Dr. Thorne* might with little alteration be republished as a most powerful tract in aid of the temperance cause. No thoroughly earnest and unbiased writer who views human life, its cares, its frustrated or fulfilled ambitions, its loves and its hatreds, its false displays and its true glories as they really are, can fail to become somewhat of a preacher, nor can fail to feel a deeper reverence, as life goes on, for the Being who made us and guides our destinies, and to whom we are morally accountable for our actions.

Since the days when Dickens and Thackeray flourished, what enormous new fields have been opened to the novelist! We have a whole library of books, mainly tales, about India, both of Anglo-Indian and of native life. Other writers deal with South Africa and Australia, and "the magnetic North" is not unrepresented. We have pictures of life in the "slums," in Whitechapel and Poplar, in our great manufacturing towns, and in lonely country places. The charm of Italy is not absent; Russia contributes her share; we have sketches of Jewish life, of university life, of artist life; in fact, there is hardly any field, including that of religious controversy, into which the novelist has not penetrated.

Taking the literature of fiction during the last twenty years as a whole, what shall we find its characteristics to be? One cannot deny its cleverness, in some instances its originality and freshness, its vivid power of word-

painting, its frankness, carried sometimes to the point of impropriety, and its ease, accompanied very often by bad vulgar English and slipshod grammar. It is curious how our old favorite *Punch* seems to reflect the character of the moment. Since the days of Du Maurier the women of that delightful periodical, though not without attraction, seem to have all suddenly become middle-class. We miss those elegant "society" women, for whom even Mr. Ruskin had a word of admiration.³ The high-bred element seems gone, and with it we often miss the careful drawing and the eye for real beauty which not unfrequently made Du Maurier's backgrounds and other accessories things of delight in themselves. The vulgarity of children's illustrated books is another regrettable feature of our day.

Of *Punch* we may boast, and rightly boast, that he is very, very rarely either coarse, disgusting, or profane. Unfortunately this cannot be said of much of our modern literature. It is difficult, from the very nature of the subject, to give illustrations of these matters, but anyone who is familiar with modern English fiction must feel the regrettable influence of Zola and other French writers upon their neighbors on this side of the Channel. There seems to be an idea in the minds of many literary men and women that if you only describe commonplace things with sufficient realism you have produced an original work. We admire Mr. Arnold Bennett's brilliant abilities, and some of his productions, so much that we cannot but regret that he should ever have brought himself to publish such a book as *The Old Wives' Tale*. Much in the opening chapters is purely ugly and disgusting, such as the incident of

³ Some of us may remember a professorial lecture of Mr. Ruskin's at Oxford when he descanted on the elegance of the head of "Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns" (an enlarged copy of which was shown) when she promised Lady Midas to "throw over the Botherby Jones, and come herself."

the girl pulling out the tooth of the draper's assistant. It is really not funny, and it dwells on things which no one has any pleasure in reading or thinking about; while the later portion of the book, the heroine's life in Paris, is full of suggestions of indelicacy and coarseness. Mr. Bennett is by no means alone in this respect. The names of some of his most distinguished contemporaries will easily suggest themselves. We are far from saying that novelists can always avoid dealing with matters of this kind, but the only way to make such subjects tolerable is to interest us very deeply in the characters in whom a moral struggle is portrayed (such a character, for instance, as that of Maggie Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss*). But character painting is the rarest of rare arts, and is not possessed by one novelist in ten; and it certainly is conspicuous by its absence in a great deal of modern work. Given a novelist who has not a single fine character in his repertory (and apparently there are such), whose sense of humor is not over-delicate, and who has no lofty ideals to the attainment of which his personages may strive—what is left him? No doubt the passion of love, physical gratification of all kinds, the acquisition of wealth, or escape from danger. Consequently we find "love" described in the most realistic and often most offensive way; heroines who are supposed to be beautiful but who have practically "no characters at all," or at least no characteristics except that one is a blonde and looks well in blue, another a brunette and looks well in red, and who attract their lovers purely and simply by physical charm. Writers of this type, who reflect what presumably is ordinary middle-class life, depress us very much by the tameness and pettiness of their ideas. Is it because life is so dull that they are dull, or because they do not read

the inner secret of many homely lives? We are inclined to think it is the latter; that even in Camberwell or Kennington we may still, if we know how to look for them, find genuine heroes and heroines.⁴ Most of us have heard of, perhaps have seen, the "dowser," who with a willow or hazel twig is able to divine where water is likely to be found. But it is not every man or woman who can be a "dowser." It is not everyone, not even among clever people, who possesses the divining rod of sympathy. We all see what we are, and find what we are on the lookout for. If we cast our eyes back on the last dozen novels (if modern ones) we have read, shall we not be obliged regretfully to say that in the majority of them—for of course there are exceptions to all rules, and among the exceptions we should like gratefully to specify some of the novels of Mr. Anthony Hope—we do not care in the very least what becomes of any of the characters? We are not sufficiently convinced of their existence. They never speak to us heart to heart. They may constitute, as in novels of the "sword and cloak" order, the human thread which runs through a tissue of strange adventures, or, in novels of another class, the links between a series of absurd and humorous scenes; they may become vehicles for sensation in one writer's hands, or mouthpieces for sermons or political and economic views in another; they may, under a thin veil of fiction, reproduce one man's travelling experiences, or another's historical researches; but what, we may ask, do any of these things profit, if the characters are little better than dressed-up dummies, or, if human beings at all, human only in a low, coarse, and commonplace way, or, worse than all, only the actors in a hideous murder trial?

⁴ Mr. Pett Ridge's charming little book, "Mrs. Galer's Business," and Mr. Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street," may be mentioned in this connection.

There lies before us, as we write, a clever readable novel—*Thompson's Progress*, by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, the history of a self-made man who begins as a poacher and ends as a prospective peer. It is a book not only entertaining but instructive; the hero is a shrewd long-headed Yorkshireman, and the story of his progress is most entertainingly and at times humorously told. He has a series of delightful dogs. He meets with one adventure after another and always "comes out top," he is not without kindness, public spirit and good nature, and his attachment to the wife whom he eventually wins is a strange compound of love and ambition. One would not describe him exactly as a "worldly" character, but he is certainly a man whose own 'cuteness and power of getting on almost stand in the way of his higher development. He would probably not have agreed with Mrs. Browning—

What's the best thing in the World?
Something out of it, I think.

We follow his career with breathless interest, but we put the book down with a sense of disappointment. Is this all, we feel inclined to say, all that this cleverness and energy leads to? And as we put down the book, we feel as if we could take up and read for the twentieth time Thackeray's death of Colonel Newcome, the man whose death was the close of a series of failures and disappointments, but whom no one can read of without loving, and whom a great writer's genius has made as real to us as a member of our own family circle.

There is a certain snobbishness about a good many modern novels, which is curiously characteristic of democracy. Dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, Lady Bettys and Lady Gwendolens, are to be met there in profusion far greater than in real life. There are also young male scions of

the aristocracy whose name and rank it is difficult to ascertain, as they are generally spoken of as "Bob," or "Jim," or possibly as "Lord Billy" or "Lord Dickie." The duchesses are usually absurd and grotesque old women. Diamond tiaras and "ropes of pearls" are as common as daisy chains, and everyone has a motor car (probably several) and an opera box. In no class of books are flunkeys and menials spoken of more contemptuously, though probably many of the readers of the work will belong to that class. It is a comfort to meet with a French maid, Pauline or Justine, as then we know pretty well where to look for the villain of the piece. If she has a slight tendency to a moustache on her upper lip, we may be quite sure of it. We feel a little regret that even so distinguished and cultivated a writer as Mrs. Humphry Ward has not been able to resist the fascination of the Peerage. But it is a comfort to think that when the party actually in power, has done its worst, there will still be an Elysium left for members of that much envied and much persecuted order in the pages of contemporary fiction.

We have, however, another and more serious complaint to make against those novelists who, whether accurately or inaccurately—it is not for us to say—profess to depict the "smart set," but who do so with an eye to readers of the lower middle class; and this is the extreme irreverence and profanity which deform their pages. In this respect, we think, they surpass their French contemporaries, though they can hardly do so as regards indelicacy and immorality. But the very fact that the Bible is the most familiar book in the English language, and that its "felicities" of expression fix it easily in the memory, makes it possible for writers who have very little knowledge of other kinds of literature—in which it may be remarked by the way

that they are much inferior to the great writers of the last generation—to quote it on every occasion, and often most irreverently as well as tastelessly. This is one of the cheapest and most offensive forms of wit, and we cannot but regret to see it employed by men and women whose very familiarity with Scripture is due to the education they have received. It would be easy to give quotations from the novels of the last twenty-five years, where some of the most sacred and awful things—the Divine Name, the Passion, the Day of Judgment, and many other subjects which reverent natures would speak of only at suitable times and in lowered tone, are introduced in the midst of the most frivolous surroundings. It is possible that in some cases these sacred associations have ceased to have any meaning for the writers to whom we refer; but, even should this be the case, may we not ask them to remember that there is even now a large portion of the reading public which still feels reverence for sacred words and sacred things, and which is deeply pained when it sees them treated with flippant profanity? It seems almost unnecessary to say that, were we to judge from a large portion of modern literature, family prayers were *always* dull and unreal, the "local curate" an easy and obvious butt for raillery, and the bishop, archdeacon, or other dignified clergyman a pompous self-satisfied nonentity, that Sunday in high life was almost invariably devoted to playing bridge, and that sermons were always synonymous with boredom. There may be a residuum of truth in all this; but as in real life we sometimes do find bishops and clergy who have their Master's cause at heart, and are not seeking themselves, or are even full of the dignity and importance of their own order, while even among the laity there are still a few good men and women left whose religious earnestness makes

itself felt in every day and hour of their lives, might it not be possible to let us catch, if it were, but occasional glimpses of them?

"Young men, tell me your dreams," was the question once put by a celebrated artist to a youthful aspirant for fame. "Tell me your dreams?" is the question which might be put to the readers of modern fiction. What is the *Telos* at which all these struggling, striving multitudes are aiming? When we look at the frieze of the Parthenon, and ask ourselves whither the stream of youthful horsemen and graceful maidens is moving, we are told that it is to do a great act of homage to the tutelary goddess of their city. The purpose, as they understood it, is a noble one, and noble are the figures which carry it out. But what strikes one in the majority of our modern works of fiction is a total lack of nobility. After all, what constitutes nobility? Surely it is having a noble aim. It might be said, and very likely may have been said already, that we can judge of a man or a nation by the heaven to which they aspire. What is the heaven to which our modern fiction in the person of its heroes and heroines seems to aspire? Ten thousand a year, luxuries and display, a title and the *entrée* into "fashionable" society!

It may very truly be said that poetical justice cannot depict for us the unearthly joys which are the crown of a good man's life, and therefore the artist has to fall back on temporal rewards, and that even Job had such material blessings bestowed on him. But (as in the case of Job) the true painter of human life has to show us that these temporal blessings are not, and can never be, the real reward of fidelity to high aims, but only, at best, the tokens of it. The real reward must always be (as Sophocles showed us long ago) the purification and eleva-

tion of the man's or woman's own character, and the bringing them closer to those ultimate realities which lie behind the phenomenal world. This can be done, and has been done, by great writers of fiction. But perhaps it may be said that writers cannot all be great, and yet that they may help to beguile a dull or sorrowful hour. We admit it most readily: we have had far too much reason to be grateful to writers of fiction to think of doing otherwise. But taking his objection on its own ground, may we not truly say that there is no humor so delightful, no fun so light-hearted, as that which belongs to the pure in heart? Even the humor of Aristophanes, and still more that of Shakespeare, is not delightful *because* of its coarseness, but in *spite* of its coarseness. Take the *Midsommer Night's Dream*: it seems to have been written in a complete "abandon" of light-heartedness; and yet it is doubtless the one of Shakespeare's plays in which there is hardly a licentious word. Coarseness (at all events in modern writers) is usually a confession of weakness and of an empty exchequer, an indication of intellectual barrenness; and the same may be said of profanity. The finer the talent, the less need it has to eke out its resources by means like these. May we not say with truth that it is one of the dangers of the democracy to which we seem to be tending, that these finer perceptions will be blunted, and that our art and our literature are already beginning to show indications of the fact? No word has been more unfairly employed than the word "aesthetic." There is a false *aisthesis* of which our decadent artists may be called the apostles, and there is a true *aisthesis* of which we have happily in the past had some notable instances in our English literature; it is that delicacy of feeling, as sensitive as the antennæ of an insect, which we sometimes call good

taste, but for which it is hard to find an adequate name, which has found its abode in many an English home, and which makes the man or the woman who possesses it a gentleman or lady
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in the truest sense of the word, quite irrespectively of wealth, talent, or social rank. We trust that our national fiction may never cease to depict such characters as these.

NERVOUSNESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE MAIDEN SPEECH.

A first speech made in the House of Commons is an ordeal—now no doubt agitating the minds of many new members—not quite disassociated from torture. The knowledge of this fact, no doubt, tends in no small way to make a House of Commons audience the most gentle and courteously encouraging of all. It may safely be stated that, with few exceptions, every member suffers from some nervousness when addressing the House of Commons, and that, with few exceptions, those who do not are seldom listened to, and mostly rank as the bores of the House. For a time at least, in the earlier attempts, the effort made to conceal nervousness gives rise to those outward indications of the inward suffering which constitute an interesting study in the art of unconscious self-deception. These indications—mostly physical movements—become, when the nervousness has disappeared, and when it is toned down, in later years, the more or less graceful actions and mannerisms of the individual.

The effort made to conceal this nervousness oftentimes tends to increase it, and renders it more observable by the confusion it causes in the mind of the speakers.

The new member accustomed to the familiar circumstances of his everyday surroundings, and who may be described as he who—

With no oratorical display,
Speaks to the farmers in their own
rough way—

cannot understand the diffidence, or realize the nervousness imposed upon him by the new atmosphere which surrounds him. He wonders at the loss of his accustomed ease and confidence which in the new surroundings hampers his effort. One may say that, in these early efforts, two-thirds of his mental and physical energy are absorbed in efforts to overcome and conceal his nervousness, leaving but one-third for the exposition and elucidation of his subject. A little nervousness, such as remains even to the practiced speaker, lends an air of sincerity to his later utterances, and attracts and rivets attention. Moreover, it saves one from the unforgivable sins of bumptiousness and cocksureness. Cicero tells us that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration "without trembling and concern."

The efforts made to overcome and conceal this nervousness are numerous and various. The outward indications are mostly physical. In not a few cases, where men under ordinary circumstances are gentle and courteous, the sudden access of nervousness seems for the moment at least to change their very nature, and drives them into the use of violent language. A Bill affecting an industry in the constituency of a new member was introduced. The new member had been strongly urged to oppose it in every

way, and this before he had opened his lips in the House. Seeking the advice of a colleague, he asked: "What am I to do? I've not even seen the beastly Bill, and I know nothing about it." "Oh!" replied his friend, "you must speak against it, and get up now and say so and so." In a state of nervousness, excusable under the sudden emergency, he did rise. His quiet, gentle manner disappeared, his voice became raucous, and in a violent manner he described the Bill as the worst ever presented to the House—an indignity and premeditated insult to his patriotic constituents; denounced in violent terms the party and Ministry he was sent to support, and, in a violent peroration, declared "that their blood (whose not stated) would fall upon their heads." Fortunately, the Bill died a natural death at the annual slaughter of the innocents—a death attributed by his constituents to his virile opposition. His speech, needless to say, had been toned down in the report. To-day, he is a fair speaker, and no longer loses his head or his gentle manner.

To every rule there is an exception, and occasionally there appear one or two members who seem to have never suffered from these weaknesses. Mr. Labouchere, the late M.P. for Northampton, so far as one could see, had no nerves, in the sense, at least, of this article; he was always cool and collected when he spoke, and nothing seemed to disturb his ordinary equanimity. He was always a *persona grata* to the House, and his observations were interesting and amusing. But, then, he was so different from others for, in times of the wildest excitement, he seemed to attain more than his normal equanimity, and yet revel in the fray. A political intrigue delighted him beyond measure; his advice was eagerly sought, and by both sides. His sympathies were very

catholic, but with an inclination to side with the weak against the strong, and his influence was not unfelt in the appointment of Ministers and other high officials. He was very ready in meeting difficulties. At one election his opponent obtained, it is said, the presence of a bishop. "Labby," with the assistance of a costume from a theatrical costumier, obtained, or rather produced, a full-blown dean at his next meeting. The "dean" used much stronger language than the gentle bishop and so countered the effect of the higher ecclesiastical dignity of his opponent. That "Labby," notwithstanding, did suffer from some little nervousness is more than probable, but of it there were no outer indications or signs, so he may be so far quoted as one of the rare exceptions.

Another exception was the late Mr. James Lowther, known to his intimates as "Jimmy Lowther." Like his counterpart, he, too, was a *persona grata* to the House, a sharer in the usual intrigues of party politics, and one of the experienced wise men of his party. He, too, revelled in party political intrigues. He was a great stickler for the dignity and proprieties of the House, but it may be whispered that he occasionally used the much abused art of obstruction, and when he did so, he proved himself to be a past master of that weapon. Like his counterpart, he never showed any indication of nervousness.

During many a dull debate, when tired out hanging about and waiting for a division, I relieved some of the weary hours by sitting in the House and trying to discover the particular outward indications of that physical effort which seemed to act in some sense as a safety valve for the nervousness which each speaker in turn tried to conceal.

One of the most interesting subjects of this detective research was the late

Duke of Devonshire, then sitting in the Commons as Lord Hartington. The question was, what were the outward indications, how did he provide a safety valve, and how did he conceal the common weakness? His was a difficult case; and the endeavor required much patience; but it was rewarded by success. This was in his ministerial days. When he rose to speak, he did so languidly and with such mien that the whole thing seemed to bore him intently, otherwise he seemed as calm and unruffled as if he had taken some drug which, *Nepenthe*-like, had deadened, for the moment, at least, all nervous reaction. He did, as a matter of fact, suffer to a considerable extent from that "trembling and concern" which affected Cicero. He was a most conscientious, careful and effective speaker, and a pillar of strength to the Government he served. When he rose to speak from one or the other side of the table which divides the existing from the ex-Ministers, he would lean one elbow on the nearest of the two iron-bound boxes which adorn the end of the table—one of the boxes clutched, gripped and hammered by a long succession of ministerial orators. After a slight hesitation and a few quiet words, the hand of the other arm would quietly steal to the tail-pocket of his coat and then emerge holding a neatly-folded white cambric pocket handkerchief. He would, without unfolding it, gently rub the corners of his mouth, and this done, the hand, still holding the handkerchief, would rest on the hip or be thrown back. The position was somewhat graceful and careless. Sitting near him, one could observe that the grip on the handkerchief gradually tightened, and that the muscles of the hand were in constant action. Occasionally he would change position, but the grip never relaxed. At the close of his speech, the hand opened, and one saw not the clean,

neatly-folded cambric, but only a soiled, greasy ball, which was quickly returned to the pocket. Here was the outward indication of his nervousness, and what acted as a safety valve. These indications and signs were, however, successfully concealed from the casual observer, and it is doubtful, therefore, whether his listeners, with few exceptions, ever realized how much he suffered from nervousness.

When he spoke, he always did so with a quiet, judicial, outward calmness. He was slow of speech, and always effective. No one was listened to with greater attention by all sides; and as a debater he was in the front rank. He was sometimes a hard hitter, but never below the belt. He was courteous and fair to his opponents, and he always measured his words to accord with his conscientious convictions. The dignity of the House and the courtesy of debate have suffered by his absence from it.

Mr. Parnell was by nature shy, reserved, and a victim to nervousness, more especially in the oratorical efforts of his earlier days. When he entered the House he was a poor speaker, and even when at his height he never more than reached the borderland of parliamentary oratorical success.

Few men suffered more from nervousness in speaking than he did, and many a time he would have broken down but for his sheer force of will power—which he possessed to an unusual degree. He spoke slowly, deliberately and carefully, always seeking the correct word with mathematical accuracy. As in the case of Lord Hartington, he appeared to the casual observer to be free from all disturbing influences. It was only by careful observation that one discovered the outward indications of his inward nervousness and suffering. Even when the House was greatly excited, as in

the case of his bout with the late Mr. Forster, on the occasion of his retirement from the Irish Chief Secretaryship, he interjected with a placid smile to an observation of Mr. Forster's, "We are both in the same ditch," with an apparent calmness that deceived everyone, and completely concealed the actual condition of his nervous tension. Sitting one night close behind him, when he rose to speak, afforded me a long-desired opportunity for close observation. After his opening sentence, he raised his hand over his head and slowly smoothed the rather long hair at the back of his head. The hand, though seemingly plastic, was, in fact, muscularly rigid, and this although the hand barely touched the hair. A vein in the back of the neck swelled out to about the diameter of a thin lead pencil, and palpitated with a rapidity that evidenced the increased beating of the heart. His apparent calmness testified to the effort he was making to conceal the inward nervousness. Then both arms would hang by his side with seeming listlessness; the fists, however, so tightly held that each knuckle was marked by a tightened skin that showed snowy-white. His will power must have been of a high order, for it never failed him till the last word was spoken. Seemingly, it carried him further, for immediately after his speech his natural manner and mien returned and he resumed his ordinary life, just as if he had not expended so much strain in his oratorical effort. Sometimes he would, after such an effort, sit with the writer for an hour or more and discuss chemical and electrical problems with an ease and close attention that seemed to negative all other occupation. By Nature he seemed destined to be a scientific expert and mechanic. Had political questions not drawn him away, one might venture to say that he would have obtained no small reputation and

success in the more placid field of scientific research.

Lord George Hamilton, consciously or unconsciously, made no covert attempt to conceal his nervousness, or to hide the particular form of safety valve employed by him. On the table which divides the two front benches in the House of Commons there is a medley of books, papers, blotting pads, paper knives, quill pens, ink pots and other accessories. When Lord George rose to speak from one or the other side of this table, he cast his artistic eye over the articles upon it, and apparently with contempt for their in-artistic arrangement. As he proceeded with his speech he would, with long, nervous fingers, seize the ink pot and make it change places with the quill pens. The ink pot would move to the right and the pens to the left. Then, picking up another object as one does a ferret, he would re-position this in relation to the first-mentioned objects. Every object within easy reach underwent the same critical attention until all had formed one artistic whole. When this point was reached, a new suggestion seemed to require a new re-arrangement. These efforts seemed in some occult manner to fit in with his arguments, and to assist him in his efforts to elucidate and enforce them.

If one closed one's ears so that no words were heard, he appeared to be engaged in some brilliant *legerdemain*, while assuring his audience that it was all quite simple if only one understood how to do it. In his case these outward indications seemed fully to answer the object, for his speech flowed evenly and lacked those hesitations which arise from nervousness and mar the smoothness and continuity of the mental picture he desired to transfer to others. His speeches were always emphatic and effective; he was master of his subject, a clear expounder, and consequently a successful debater. As

a debater he continued to improve, and his later speeches on Free Trade and Protection were admittedly the best he ever made. His failure to agree with the new Birmingham programme unfortunately deprived the House of his services and his party of one of its best supporters.

There are some names which can scarcely be connected with the word nervousness if considered in the light of their later days' oratory. Long years of practice, the sense of confidence which attaches to high position, and long experience tend to obliterate at least the more obtrusive indications which were prominent in early years. Such as remain appear to be and have become merely the graceful mannerisms of the individual. The late Mr. Gladstone was one of these. When he rose to speak his habit was to open his remarks by a few gracious words on the speech which he was about to follow, or some pointed remark as to the character and importance of the subject. In his earlier days this was, no doubt, to steady his nerves and "get his breath," as it is called. Then his next act was to raise his right hand over his head with the thumb bent down and gently scratch his skull. The action of smoothing the hair, scratching the head, or smoothing the brow are amongst the most frequent indications of nervousness. The third action of Mr. Gladstone was his peculiar and individual act. Throwing his arms downwards by his side he would with his fingers seize the cuffs of his coat and draw these down over his shirt cuffs so as to conceal them completely. The ordinary practice is just the converse, the desire being to expose and not conceal the white linen of the shirt cuffs. These were the invariable preludes to his speeches, and had become mere graceful peculiarities. No mannerisms, however, could lessen the marvellous charm of his words, or

detract from the force of his unrivalled ability and power of expression. With him passed away much of the dignity and oratorical power of a school of which he was the last and the greatest.

From Mr. Gladstone one naturally turns to Mr. Balfour, his protagonist. Mr. Balfour in his "Fourth party" days fought many a battle with a nervousness which somewhat hampered his efforts. In addition to nervousness he was also troubled with a sensitiveness which has not been completely removed by the healing action of time. His sensitiveness, however, tends only to a refinement of language. In his case, again, the outward indications of the nervousness of his earlier days are now merely the more or less graceful actions of the experienced orator. His high position in the House and the unquestioned acknowledgment of his leadership have given him that confidence and repose which counter-balance the inconvenience which arises from a sense of nervousness. His natural sensitiveness remains, and may be seen in the expression of his face when, as occasionally happens, some speaker is guilty of a *gaucherie*, especially if it be by a member on his own side. When he rises and before he speaks he raises his *plince-nez*, regards the clock fixed in front of the strangers' gallery, and seems anxious to ascertain the exact time, as if that was of vital importance. Originally that, no doubt, enabled him to get his breath. Then he seizes the lappets of his coat, one in each hand, and addresses "Mr. Speaker." This action at one time served as a kind of support—a something to hang on to. The hands are a difficulty with most speakers, and almost invariably they seek something to clutch or to rest upon. Then as he warms to his subject he will punch the palm of his left hand with his right fist, and certainly more than is neces-

sary for the point he is elucidating. These muscular counteractions to nervousness are common to all speakers. After a time, he will return to an examination of the clock, and so on till the close of his observations. Like Mr. Gladstone, he had, and has still, one individual peculiarity. His notes are usually mere headings on several separate sheets of notepaper. Most speakers carefully retain their notes, but Mr. Balfour, as each separate sheet of paper has served its purpose, tears
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the sheet in two and throws the two pieces on the floor. What an opportunity for sweet young relic hunters from New York! Mr. Balfour to-day ranks second to no other debater in the House of Commons; he is a fluent and eloquent speaker, and is at times a master of that which may be described as courteous vituperation. Even in the excitement of hot debate he does not lose in courteousness or generosity and never fails to encourage and stand by his followers.

Bernard C. Molloy.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XIII.

For almost the first time in his life, David spent a wakeful night. Even in the misery of captivity, in the dread of pursuit, in his narrow, storm-tossed berth at sea, he had managed to snatch spells of broken slumber; but the first night spent under Miss Strickland's thatched roof was passed in feverish tossings varied only by periods of bodily inactivity which could not be called repose, for his brain was working busily the while.

Though he would not willingly have chosen to be brought into the close proximity of his victim's widow, he had, as has been seen, resolved to abide in the household on hearing of the poverty for which he considered himself in part responsible; yet now he told himself that his position was intolerable.

He had meant to be as kind and generous as was possible to his landlady and her niece, to have paid amply for his board, to have made himself helpful in their rougher labors, but to have in other respects little to do with either of them—particularly with the woman whose very presence was a reproach to him. Yet here at the outset arose this complication about his own fan-

cied likeness to Martha's husband, and her consequent liking for his company. Even the woman herself! He shuddered under the sheet, which on that warm night formed his only covering. It was hateful to find her eyes constantly fixed on his face, to know that she was watching for his words, to feel that his every look and movement had for her an extraordinary interest. As she passed him his cup that night her hand had brushed his—the hand which was red with her husband's blood.

It was not to be borne—he would try to help the creatures in some other way, but leave he must.

He was still full of this resolution when he came in for his dew-bit, though he had already faced the dewy fields—having sought to allay the fever in his veins by a plunge in the river. He found the old woman alone in the kitchen, and immediately broached the subject which was uppermost in his thoughts:—

"I didn't pay ye for the week's lodgin' yesterday as I should ha' done," said he. "Advanced payment is but fair when ye do know nothin' about a chap."

Miss Strickland, who had been kneel-

ing by the hearth, blowing up the newly-kindled fire, squatted back upon her heels and replied with as much dignity as was compatible with that lowly attitude, and with a careless wave of the bellows, that there was no particular hurry, and that it would do quite well if he settled up every Saturday. There was a hungry light, nevertheless, in her eyes, and David found some difficulty in nerving himself to proceed.

"I am afraid there'll only be the one Saturday, Miss Strickland, I find this here place is too far from Strange's. It 'ud take me half my time very near gettin' back'ards an' for'ards."

"Oh, Mr. Davidge!" exclaimed the poor old spinster, "I do call that hard. I'm sure I can't think whatever me or my niece has done that you should turn agen us all in a minute. Ye did know how far 'twas all the time—an' ye did say ye liked the walk. I'm sure we've done our best to make ye comfortable—of course 'tis but a poor place, but ye didn't ha' no fault to find yesterday."

David ran his fingers through his thick hair, still damp with the river water, and gazed down at her in perplexity. Tears were gathering in her eyes, and a tremulous motion was perceptible about her head.

"If ye'd tell us what it is as has vexed ye," she went on in a quavering voice, "I'd see as it didn't happen agen. If 'tis young Sam Strange what's ann'ied ye—well, there—I'd sooner he went nor you. 'Tis but a boy, an' I reckon his father 'ud be fetchin' of en home afore long anyways. But folks 'ull think so bad o' you vampin' off the very minute you've come, so to speak. An' I were feelin' so set up about my two lodgers, an' a-tellin' everybody that we'd got a bit o' luck at last—I'm sure I don't know whatever the neighbors 'ull think. 'Twill reg'lar give the house a bad name."

"Luck!" exclaimed a voice behind them, "no luck ever comes our way, Aunt Jane—don't look for it."

Martha had come in with a pail of water and stood in the sunlight from the doorway, her face set like that of a Medusa in the midst of serpentine tangles of hair. No comb had as yet been passed through those fiery tresses, in all probability no water had as yet touched that pale face—Martha was far from emulating the trim cleanliness of Tamsine, who seemed to carry about with her an atmosphere of freshness, yet as she stood thus, arrayed in clinging folds of rusty black, her unkempt head fiercely poised, face and figure were alike invested with a certain tragic beauty. David, however, averted his eyes with a recurrence of that inward shudder: to him the woman's whole personality was repulsive.

"True, true—I'm sure ye did never say a truer word," murmured Miss Strickland, shaking her head, while a tear dropped down on the recently whitened hearthstone. "Everythin' do seem to go wrong wi' us. First your father an' mother dyin' an' leavin' of ye on my hands, and then arter the struggle I did have to bring ye up an' ye did seem to be gettin' on i' sarvice, ye must take up wi' Richard West an' get married."

"That can't be reckoned a misfortune," said Martha, advancing into the room and setting down her pail. "We had a lot o' expense to start with, of course, settin' up in a new house—but if poor Dick had lived he'd have been a good help to you, Aunt Jane—he'd never have let you want."

"No, he'd never ha' let me want," agreed the other. "'Ees, I do know that; but there, all your furniture what ye did lay out so much money on sold for whatever it 'ud fetch—next to nothin' I mid say, an' you thrown back on my hands."

"I help you all I can," put in Martha suddenly. "I bring you more than I take from you, anyway."

"Oh, I'm not sayin' anythin' agen you, my dear, I'm only p'intin' out how things do seem to go wrong w' us all roads. Here's Mr. Davidge talkin' o' leavin' us, an' him only jist come. I was reck'nin' up last night as we mid manage to make a livin' at last."

Martha's eyes met David's with a look of reproach which he could scarcely have withstood even if the older woman's appeal had not already pierced him to the heart.

"There, let's say nothin' more about it," he cried hastily. "I'll make shift to get up a bit earlier—or maybe you'd let me take my breakfast up-along with me—then I wouldn't have to come back an' forth so often. If you give me my coffee in a little can I d' 'low Mrs. Cornick 'ud heat it up for me."

"Well, I dare say I could do that," rejoined Miss Strickland somewhat grudgingly. Once the immediate pressure of anxiety was removed, her normal condition of mind returned.

"Of course it'll mean a lot o' work gettin' the coffee ready an' that so early i' the mornin', but I mustn't expect to be considered, such a poor, down-trodden mortal as I be."

"I'll get the coffee ready for myself, if that's all," said David cheerfully. "A sailor's a handy man, ye know. Now then, where's the saucepan? That's the coffee, isn't it, in the little cannister?—I can smell en from here."

"There'll be no milk to be had for another half hour," said Jane, who had been following his movements with a narrow and suspicious gaze.

"No need to bother about milk," rejoined her lodger; "a bit o' sugar is all I want—here it is—brown sugar, that's the stuff! Now then, I'll boil 'em up together, ye see, an' the grounds do sink to the bottom—'twill pour off so

clear as anythin'—Can I have this little can?"

"Well, it's the milk can," rejoined his landlady plaintively, "but ye can have it for to-day."

"All right; I'll get one for myself to-morrow."

Meanwhile, Martha, having made the tea, of which most village householders partake on first rising, and which has no connection with the breakfast proper, poured out a cup of it for David, and cut and buttered a slice of bread.

"There's a little drain of milk left in this jug," she remarked in a lifeless voice. "He can have it, can't he, aunt?"

"No, keep it for yourself, Miss Strickland," said David, jerking away his cup. It was noticeable that neither he nor Martha addressed each other.

"Now, can I do any little odd jobs for ye before I go?" he presently inquired of the elder woman. "Do ye want another pail o' water?"

"Well, it mid come in handy—but if you're in a hurry, Mr. Davidge, my niece can fetch it."

"No, I'll do it," said he.

"I'll pour this out into the tub, then," said Martha, without looking at him. Having emptied the pail into a large, flat tub, she handed it to the young man, who immediately went out with it.

The well was situated at the back of the cottage, and was somewhat difficult of access, owing to the fact that two old apple trees which grew on either side had extended their gnarled boughs in such a manner as almost to meet across it. It apparently had not occurred to Miss Strickland that by a little judicious pruning this inconvenience could be obviated, or perhaps she imagined that the lopping of the wood would entail a corresponding shrinkage of the crop.

David, who had mastered the intri-

cacies of the situation on the previous night, now screwed himself adroitly between the branches and doubled himself in the requisite manner over the winch. The sun struck down through the interlacing boughs on his brown neck, and the crisp hair which was beginning to curl again, a few drops of river moisture beading it still here and there.

As he backed away with his pail from beneath the apple trees, and regained an upright position, he saw that Martha was watching him from the other side of the leafy screen, the pale oval of her face showing through the green tracery with a delicate effect, which was, however, somewhat marred by the undue brilliancy of lips and hair. David gave a little start of annoyed surprise, and spoke roughly.

"Did your husband often fill a pail for 'ee at thik well?"

"No," said Martha shortly.

"Then I don't see what need ye have to be spyin' arter me," he returned, in the same rough, almost fierce tone.

A wave of color swept over her face, but she paused a moment before replying; then she said in a low voice:

"I came out to ask you something."

"An' what's that?" rejoined he, stopping short so suddenly that the water splashed out of his brimming pail.

"Is it on my account that you thought of givin' up lodging here?"

"Well, I'll tell ye plain," said David.

"I don't like bein' followed about, an' I don't like bein' watched. If I'm to bide here, I must come an' go free."

He broke off for a moment, but resumed with redoubled vehemence. "A man midn't always fancy bein' told he reminds folks o' a dead man."

Martha moved out of his way so as to let him pass, but returned no answer.

She was standing on the same spot when David emerged from the house,

having deposited his pail indoors, and she could hear his quick, light tread pass down the little path and lose itself amid the windings of the lane. Presently she followed, walking noiselessly, so as to avoid attracting the attention either of her aunt or of David himself. Slipping through the gate, she crossed the road, ascending the lane a little way, until she caught sight of the man's retreating figure.

How foolish she had been last night! The new lodger was taller and sligher than Dick, his figure was better balanced and more closely knit, his step, with its elasticity, bore as much relation to her husband's as the swinging gait of a thoroughbred does to that of an ordinary roadster.

"Yes," she said, half aloud, "'Twas a foolish fancy. He isn't like Dick—he's like no man I've ever seen before."

CHAPTER XIV.

In spite of the very strong hint which David had given to Martha, she continued to watch his movements, to hang upon his words, and to perform sundry small, unwished-for services on his behalf. He was no coxcomb, and indeed had little knowledge of the ways of woman, but he could not altogether blind himself to these portents. Far from being flattered by them, the dislike which he had originally felt for Martha deepened to something almost amounting to abhorrence, and he was obliged to use the utmost constraint in order to prevent this from becoming apparent. But a strong sense of the injury which he had done her caused him to make strenuous efforts to avoid wounding her, and moreover prevented his seeking a lodging elsewhere. He had not spoken to Tamsine of his secret misgivings, some instinctive feeling of chivalrousness to both women prompting this reticence. Indeed, he forgot all cares and anxieties when he and she met in the enchanted dell;

for the fairy-tale order of things continued—Shepherd Davidge served his mistress faithfully during the working hours, and David Chant wooed his sweetheart at sunset.

One evening, having returned from this blissful hour, he was working in Miss Strickland's little garden in accordance with a request from her. Presently Martha, issuing from the house, began to water the flowers in the border beneath the windows. He feigned at first not to observe her presence, but by-and-by discovered that she was standing close to him. As he stooped over the row of cabbages he was planting he noticed that her dress was a colored one, moreover, that her shoes were neat and carefully polished, and the thought flashed across him that her aspect had changed for the better during the last few days, and that she had left off many of her slatternly habits. He continued, however, to plant out his cabbages without speaking, and then she came a step nearer.

"Catch," she said, tossing something towards him. He was obliged to look up and extend his hand, receiving a half-blown rose, of the cabbage order, and extraordinarily sweet.

"Ah," he said, as indifferently as he could, "'twas a pity to have picked that. I was noticin' it comin' into bloom."

"It would have been too big," she said, "if I hadn't gathered it now. You can have it—I picked it for you."

"What should a man want wi' flowers?" asked David, moving towards her on his knees, and tendering back the rose to her. "Best take it indoor an' put it in water."

"A man wears a flower sometimes in his coat, doesn't he?" rejoined she, looking curiously down at him, "particularly if it is given to him by a woman."

"Maybe so," rejoined he gruffly; "I know nothin' about such things."

As she did not take the rose, he laid it down on the path beside her, and returning to his cabbages, dibbled one in with an infinity of care.

Martha laughed softly.

"Why, how old are you, Mr. Davidge?"

"Twenty-six, I think," he rejoined without raising his head.

"Twenty-six at least, I should say," returned she, and David felt with irritation that her eyes were appraising his stooping form. "And do you mean to tell me that you know nothing about women—that you've never had anything to do with them?"

David slowly rose, brushed off the soil from the knees of his trousers, and came to her; he had taken a sudden resolution.

"No, I don't mean to tell 'ee that, Mrs. West," he said deliberately; "there's been one woman what I've had to do with, an' what I've loved, but only one. I've never fancied nor looked at, nor given a thought to any other—nor ever will."

He saw a kind of wave of pallor overspread the face which had already seemed pale, and he noted how her clasped hands tightened their grip of each other.

"Have you know this woman a long time?" she asked in a husky voice.

"Yes, three or four years."

"And never thought of anybody else? Why, they say a sailor has a wife in every port." Here Martha uttered a harsh laugh. "And didn't you even have a bit of fun with a girl like the rest when you went ashore? I can scarce believe that tale, Mr. Davidge."

"Ye may believe it, then," he retorted. "I had the thought o' my own girl ever an' always before me—I didn't want no others. I won't say but what I had many a bit o' fun of different kinds," he went on. "Yes, I got into scrapes now an' agen, like other lads, but I've always left the women alone."

"And you'll stick to her all your days, I suppose?" said Martha, after a pause, with a sneer.

"Please God, I will," said David firmly. "You can understand how the thought of her has kept me straight," he went on, and now his voice was very gentle; "you do know better than most what 'tis to love an' be faithful, you've a-been faithful if ever a woman was—so you an' me can understand each other."

Martha uttered a low cry, and David, raising his eyes, which had been looking on the ground during his last speech, saw that her face was con-

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vulsed with anger and pain; but before he could speak she had turned and rushed into the house, treading on the rose as she went. He looked after her remorsefully, unable to explain even to himself the sudden impulse which had prompted his recent appeal. He had hoped perhaps to lead back the widow's thoughts into their habitual channel, and to express his faith in, and admiration of, her fidelity. He could scarcely tell now what had been his motive, but the result had been disastrous; he had evidently turned the dagger in Martha's wound.

(To be continued.)

A HOLIDAY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND,
G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

XII.

BULUWAYO.

Rhodesia is not, strictly speaking, in "South Africa"; but the two are so closely connected that a visit to South Africa, however short, would not be complete without a view of the southern part at least of the country which Rhodes saved for the Empire.

It is pleasant to pass from the bare plains of the Transvaal and the long backs of the treeless downs, beautiful as they are in their own way, to the forest country—the "Bosch Veldt"—through which the train runs for hundreds of miles on the way to Buluwayo. The timber is not fine,—not like English timber,—nor is the forest thick; but the grassy glades, with their clumps of yellow mimosa and other trees, are very restful to the eye, and there are many wild-flowers. The solitude of it all, and the feeling that even in the modern railway carriage one is surrounded by real nature, bring peace to one's soul.

Here and there, at long distances apart, one comes upon little wayside stations, a shanty or two of the eternal corrugated iron, with perhaps a few native huts of branches and thatch. The rest is unbroken forest, which looks, and is, ideal game country, though the larger game has mostly disappeared before the inroads of hunters.

Nearly forty-eight hours of travel from the noise and rush of the Rand gold-mines brings one to Buluwayo, the former capital of the ill-fated chief Lo Bengula, now a flourishing English town of four or five thousand inhabitants.

Although it was midsummer when I arrived, the weather was cool, almost cold, with much rain at times, and a high wind; and the country round looked rather desolate. As far as the eye could see, on all sides stretched the undulating forest; there were no salient features in the landscape, and the impression was one of sameness and monotony.

This impression wears off after a time—particularly if the sun comes out and touches the little fluffy balls of the yellow mimosa. Then the near forest turns into a sheet of gold, as bright as a stretch of Cornish gorse; and farther away the gold merges into green, and the green fades away into the blue depths of the distant atmosphere.

Only seventeen years ago Lo Bengula was at the height of his power; and Buluwayo, the "Place of Slaughtering," was the centre of his dominion. It is not easy to say how far his rule extended; but in a country about as large as Great Britain there was no one who dared oppose him. His Matabele warriors—kinsmen of the Zulus who fought us so fiercely at Isandula and Rorke's Drift—were regarded by the neighboring tribes and by themselves as invincible. Many thousands of them were gathered about his "kraal" at Buluwayo. One is shown still the low umbrella-shaped tree under which the king sat dispensing his wild justice while the great forest-birds wheeled overhead. It stands now in the grounds of our English "Government House," and Lo Bengula lies in some hidden forest grave which his tribesmen will not make known to his conquerors; but he was strong in those days, only seventeen years ago.

Then, in an unhappy hour for him, he let loose his warriors upon the tribes which had come under the influence of the white man; and the white man rose in sudden wrath and decided that his power must be broken. It is a pitiful story altogether, like so many of the stories of the savage and the white man; and one cannot help sympathizing to some extent with the savage. It is generally an evil day for the uncivilized nations, or at least for their rulers, when the white pioneer first comes into their country; and one cannot wonder that some of them should cling to the only safe

policy—that of absolute exclusion.

Still Lo Bengula was a savage; and though one may feel sorry for the fall of a ruler who had his good points, it is undeniable that the establishment of white influence in such a country puts an end to many horrors—to oppression and torment of every kind inflicted upon great numbers of men; perhaps to frequent and widespread massacres depopulating whole districts. The native rule is picturesque; and the character of the savage has many fine qualities, which seem to disappear when he comes into contact with civilization. It is much to be doubted whether the black man who is to be met to-day riding across the veldt on a bicycle, with an old pot hat on his head, to work in the mines, is the equal of the black man who used to fling himself, assegai in hand, upon the lines of our breechloaders. One thinks with regret of the tall regiments of Cetewayo and Lo Bengula wiped off the face of the earth, and their proud traditions gone for ever. But certainly they were kept up at an awful cost of blood and suffering. No doubt one should put sentiment aside, and be glad that the sons of those magnificent fighting men will read good school-books, and talk bad English, and spend their lives peacefully grubbing out gold and diamonds, "the two great enemies of mankind," or tilling the fields of the white man.

You will see them in the white man's hotel at Buluwayo now, doing the rough work, while the tables in the modern dining-room are served by Indian waiters from Natal, who look upon them with scorn as an inferior race.

The Indians have some reason to think highly of themselves, for the white employer in Buluwayo evidently thinks highly of them. It would astonish the Madras "boy" in his own country to be told that his kinsmen

here were drawing pay at the rate of six or seven pounds a-month, with board and lodging found, or a great deal more if they cook the curries which they have made a standing dish all over South Africa. These are not good, by the way. It passes the wit of man to make a good curry out of India.

There are some fine buildings upon the wide roads of Buluwayo, the signs of a time when it was believed that a second Rand was to be found among the forests of Rhodesia. There are some good, and expensive, shops; and a public library; and one of the largest drill halls in the world for the Volunteers.

Sitting in the "bird cage" veranda of the comfortable club, looking out through the blossoms of the Bougainvillea at the statue of Cecil Rhodes, who stands at the cross-ways in his sack coat with his hands joined behind him, while the southerly breeze makes the Union Jack on the hotel fly out against the clear blue sky, it is difficult to persuade oneself that only seventeen years ago Jameson and Forbes marched into the place with their little colonial army.

It is a wonderful story, the story of that short campaign. Few finer things have been done by Englishmen. Think of it—seven hundred men marching straight on the capital of a famous chief, master of many thousands of **well-trained** and hitherto unbeaten warriors; sustaining and repelling two fierce attacks; finally driving him away into the forest, with the relics of his shattered regiments about him, **shattered** but still outnumbering them by ten to one. And then the "Wilson Patrol," thirty-five in all, many of them English public school boys, young still but hardened by some years of colonial life, led by the Scotchman Alan Wilson, riding into the midst of the enemy, with the night coming on, to take the king

in his own camp. They failed, and one of the best of South African writers has told us, in the words of the Matabele, how they fought their last fight—how, "when only five or six of the thirty-five were left, they took off their hats, and under fire from all sides sang something as the English do, standing up, and then went on fighting. And how at last only one man was left, one man bigger than the rest, who wore a broad-brimmed hat; while beside him a wounded comrade reached up to hand him cartridges, until he too went down, and the big man fought alone."

Now those days are gone. Alan Wilson and his men lie together on the lonely hillside by the grave of Cecil Rhodes, and in place of the Matabele kraals an English town has grown into being.

Now you can drive out through the mimosa jungle to a pretty racecourse and polo-ground, or watch good tennis played on excellent courts of pounded ant-hills, or attend a ball where scores of Englishwomen are enjoying themselves, all the more perhaps because there are men enough in Rhodesia to go round,—men who are not too lazy and selfish to dance.

The second Rand has not been found, but the gold output of Rhodesia is very considerable; and the numberless remains of ancient workings which have been discovered in various parts of the country show clearly that whether or not Rhodesia was, as some think, the Ophir of King Solomon's days, it has produced in the past great quantities of the precious metal. But this is a story which has been told by many.

One of the small private mines which are turning out gold now is an interesting thing to visit. Riding through the mimosa forest in search of it, a man is as likely as not to lose his way, for there is no road, and the track is faint. But one finds the mine

at last—a small engine, which you could almost cover with a sheet, working a rough crushing-machine; an Englishman in shirt and corduroy trousers supervising a dozen natives, who are digging out pieces from a little ribbon of white ore, which runs along the side of a shallow gravel-pit. Among the bushes all round are a few more pits, dug to test the continued existence of the little white ribbon; and two or three huts of branches and thatch for the workers to sleep in. The Englishman is cheery and hopeful. He volunteers the information that the initial expense of the whole thing was about a thousand pounds, and that he thinks, if all goes right, he will soon be making five hundred pounds a-month out of the venture. But of course, he says, that depends upon many things: upon the reef in the gravel remaining as rich in gold as it is now; upon his having enough money in hand to tide over any blank weeks, when the run of gold ore stops; and so on, and so on. The monthly bill for labor, coal, and other things is heavy—£160 to £150 a-month—and many promising mines break down that way. Also, it is almost impossible to get any white help. The natives are good enough, but they are a bit lazy when they are not being looked after; and you cannot get a decent white man to help you for love or money. The lowest wage here for a white miner is forty pounds a-month, and when you get him ten to one he drinks, or if he does not drink he does nothing. "The last one I had never did a hand's turn. He would not even put a drop of oil in the engine—said it was Kafir's work. He just sat on that log and smoked, and sometimes kicked a nigger. I could not stand him, so after three months I gave him the sack. Then he asked for a character, and when I refused he asked for a drink." It is the old trouble which one meets all over South Africa, the

cry of "Kafir's work," the curse of the country.

Still our friend in the corduroys was very cheery and hopeful. He had been at gold-mining for a good many years and "had his ups and downs," but he had made a little capital now and thought he was going to do well. "It is just that," he said, "you want something for the rainy days."

May he prosper! Many companies doing the same thing on a larger scale have failed, I am told. So have many private workers. But many of the latter get along fairly well, and some become rich.

I felt very much inclined to offer myself for the place—on a month's probation—and try to help him through. It would have been a novel experience; and a month in camp in the mimosa jungle ought to have been pleasant enough. But I had other engagements, and was obliged to refrain.

XIII.

CHRISTMAS AT THE VICTORIA FALLS.

When Bryce visited South Africa and Rhodesia fifteen years ago, he was prevented from seeing the Victoria Falls because this would have meant a three weeks' march from Buluwayo. Now the train covers the distance in twenty-four hours or less. The railway line to the Zambesi lies through one almost unbroken stretch of forest, and about half-way, as the sun was setting, I saw in a grassy open patch to the left a palm-tree which warned me that we were getting near tropical country. All about were many wild-flowers, especially a five-petalled flower of true scarlet color about the size of a buttercup, which is very common in Rhodesia. No one could tell me what it was called. Early in the morning, a cool bright delicious morning, the train drew up at the little open station near the falls.

Among the trees, close to the sta-

tion, was a low red-roofed hotel of corrugated iron, with wooden verandas, which looked northwards towards the river. Not that the falls themselves could be seen. Immediately in front of my veranda was a newly laid tennis-court. A water-wagtail with white collar and little black shirt-front was running about over the moist earth of it. All round were trees and flowering-shrubs, and a few bananas, their broad smooth leaves wet and glistening with recent rain. Just beyond the tennis-court was a narrow line of railway, and two or three feet beyond that the edge of a very deep ravine running down to the hidden river. As it was midsummer, everything was green. The forest stretched away on all sides as far as one could see, not flat, but undulating, the green waves passing into distant blue. To the right, not far away, two lines of rocky cliff broke the forest. To the front and left there rose, between and over the trees, several hundred feet into the fresh blue sky, shifting columns and masses of white vapor, like the smoke of some great fire. They were always changing in height and form, as clouds change on a windy day; and through them one could get occasional glimpses of a calm reach of river above the cataract. A dull, ceaseless roar, like the sound of a heavy sea, came from under them. It was distant, and through it one could hear the cooling of doves and the calls of other birds—one very like the Indian "coppersmith"—tonk, tonk, tonk.

Walking down after breakfast towards the river, I passed through a quiet wood full of wild-flowers, all new to me, pink and yellow and blue. On the moist paths were beautiful little beetles, like scraps of scarlet velvet. A troop of baboons sat and watched, or cantered slowly away through the trees.

A few minutes' walk brings one to a

white single arch railway bridge over the river just below the falls. This is as little disfiguring as one could expect a railway bridge to be,—iron, of course, for the height is too great to allow of a stone bridge. It is said to be over four hundred feet, though it looks less. But the bridge is not ugly, as such things go, and the line on both sides is hidden by the forest. From the bridge one has a fine view of the gorge and part of the fall itself, which is so close that with a northerly wind the spray comes down in a steady soft rain upon the roadway.

Passing over the bridge and turning to the left, one finds beautiful paths through the wood which lead to the eastern end of the falls. Standing there by the water's edge above the falls, one sees the mile-broad river sweeping slowly down, through islands covered with reeds and tropical jungle, to the rocks at the verge of the drop. These split the river into innumerable streams, which pour suddenly over the verge, falling at first solid and green and heavy, then quivering into vells of white foam, and mingling hundreds of feet below with the great white cloud which seethes eternally over the bottom of the chasm. From it rise swirls of vapor which fly up swiftly into the sky overhead.

At one spot near the end of the chasm there is a narrow break in the cliff opposite the falls; and through this break, across which one can throw a stone, the river rushes southward.

As I stood on the rocks by the water's edge a storm came rolling down from the north, along the line of the river. The sun was blotted out by leaden masses of cloud, and soon they were cloven by perpendicular streaks of lightning. Over the ceaseless roar of the water the thunder boomed out at intervals. The rain came down at first in heavy drops like bullets, then in a fierce tropical shower.

When it was over I recrossed the bridge and walked along the top of the cliff opposite the falls. This is the "Rain Forest," where the spray cloud from the chasm eddies continually above one's head, drenching the grass and the palms and other trees. It is a very wet walk, through the luxuriant dripping forest, but indescribably beautiful.

The most striking feature of the falls is that the country to the south of them is practically at the same level as the country to the north. The river does not fall over a ledge and pour away down a mountain side. It seems to drop into an abyss which swallows it up, for the narrow cañon by which it escapes is of great depth and almost hidden in the forest, nothing but the upper cliffs showing here and there.

Another day was spent in seeing the western end of the falls, where the "Devil's cataract," a mighty mass of water, pours round the corner of the chasm; and on the river above, among the islands, from which David Livingstone, greatly wondering, first saw the falls. In the deep pools over which one's canoe is paddled the hippopotamus still has his home, and one may lie at ease in the warm sunlight waiting for the broad snouts to come up, or "watch the gray alligator slide into the still bayou."

Christmas morning broke with heavy tropical rain, which sounded loud on the iron roof, almost drowning the distant roar of the river. Over the forest the sky was a dull gray. The smoke from the falls formed one continuous wall behind the trees,—a wall a thousand feet high. Against it some birds like swifts were wheeling.

The empty hotel dining-room was decorated with palm branches and Union Jacks. Some of these were incorrect, of course. That is our English way. But it was pleasant to see the flag, even so.

Soon after breakfast the rain stopped. The sky was as gray as ever, but looked more broken, as if it might clear later. The wagtail with the black shirt-front came and sat on the drenched tennis-net, and sang as I never heard a wagtail sing before. Then the train for North Rhodesia glided gently along the farther side of the tennis-court,—an engine and tender, one passenger wagon, quite empty, and a corrugated iron goods van, apparently empty too. It looked like a toy as it gave a soft little whistle and disappeared into the forest on the left.

By noon the sky was more promising, so we ventured out, two of us, with the intention of paddling up the river a few miles to Livingstone. We had not gone a hundred yards through the wood when the bottom seemed to fall out of the sky, and a sheet of water came down, turning the paths into streams, and carrying the little red velvet beetles off their indignant legs. But it was apparently a mistake, and stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

Then we walked on along the edge of the rain forest, through a perpetual Cornish "skew," which wetted everything within a quarter of a mile of the falls. We went to the edge of the cliff in two or three places and watched the Devil's cascade rushing headlong over its rocks into the seething caldron below, the bottom of which was invisible for rising "smoke." Driven away at last by the wet, we turned the corner of the falls and embarked on the smooth river above. It was a beautiful sight, as our canoe threaded the islands with their rich tropical foliage,—reeds and trees growing very thick and overhanging the water. Tall palms towered up over all—one kind feathery, like the date-palm of southern Persia, its long streamers waving in the breeze; the other bold and stiff, like the common palm of Bengal. There were

no crocodiles or hippopotami to be seen, the sun not being hot enough perhaps to make basking a pleasure. One saw no life but bird life—a heron sailing slowly overhead, a black and white kingfisher quivering in the air, a few swallows skimming the reed-fringed pools, a gray diver hanging himself out to dry on a dead tree.

In less than an hour's paddling we came to the bottom of a fine straight reach on which the sporting community of Livingstone have their boat-races, and the world's sculling championship has lately been contested between an Englishman and a New Zealander. Fifty years ago it was in the heart of darkest Africa. Here we landed at the little solitary boat-house. Close by it in the forest was another wooden house raised on piles and surrounded by green wire-netting to keep out mosquitoes and fever. Some unfortunate servant of the Chartered Company had once had to live there, but the fever had been too strong for him.

A narrow tramway has been carried down from Livingstone, four or five miles, to the river; and we found on the bank a trolley with some black "boys," who ran us up through the sandy jungle. Amid the clumps of palm and mimosa and other trees grew quantities of wild-flowers,—pink lilies, and the scarlet flower of Rhodesia, and many more.

As we neared Livingstone we came upon a corrugated iron railway station, and some sheds of the same invaluable material. What South Africa and Rhodesia would do without it one cannot imagine. Livingstone itself is a pretty little place, like an Indian "mofussil" station,—palms and poinsettia and heavy warm rain. It is the headquarters of North-Western Rhodesia, and has something like two hundred white people; with a club, and a hotel, and a police mess, and many

brick houses, and a newspaper, "The Livingstone Mail," published by the local chemist, which is the only Rhodesian paper north of the Zambesi. The Administrator's house is a fine bungalow, with broad veranda and a garden full of mixed English and African flowers. The petunia, of course, which has the constitution of a crow, does as well here as on the dry plateau of Central Asia. It always seemed to me a rather uninteresting flower, but it will apparently thrive anywhere, and it makes fine patches of color.

The police corps here consists of natives from other parts of Africa, with English officers. These and all the white men whom I saw in Rhodesia seemed cheery and capable, like the good men who are making the Empire all over the world. There is nothing on earth like England; and yet getting away from England, from the warping unfairness of party, from the uneventful luxurious English life, seems to develop a type of Englishman which is very refreshing to meet. He may not have the Balliol manner, or much regard for Mrs. Grundy, but he has done things, and the stamp of it is on him.

We had some tea in the broad veranda of "Government House," and then went to the golf-course, a pleasant nine-hole sandy course, with some rough grass and rolled-earth putting-greens. You cannot get turf in Africa, but you can have a good game without it.

While I was in Livingstone the weekly train came in from the north. It is the great excitement of the week, and the natives streamed down to the station in scores, running hard, to see it pass. Two freshly captured giraffes had just been brought in, but they did not seem to arouse any interest. Then we went down to the river again.

By the time we got there it was near

sunset—a fine evening, with some showers in the distance. To the south the smoke of the falls rose far into the sky, and little rosy clouds were detaching themselves from it, one by one, and sailing over to the west, like the “snow banners” which float away from the white shoulder of Kinchinjunga over the Tibetan plains. As we dropped down the river the sunset faded about us, and a flock of white birds flew past us down-stream, their reflections in the water below them.

We were hardly safe under shelter again when a tremendous thunder-storm broke over the forest—vivid lightning and a deluge of rain. One could not hear the sound of the falls.

So ended my Christmas Day.

One is often asked by South Africans how the Victoria Falls compare with Niagara. To my mind the Victoria Falls are far the more beautiful. It is true that the volume of water at Niagara is greater. The broad rushing river above the cataract, and the fierce speed of the heaped-up narrows below, impress one with a sense of tremendous power. But “man marks the earth with ruin.” Some of the surroundings of Niagara are distressing to the eye. The tame, cultivated country, the electric-power works, the crowded hotels, the artificial gardens, the glaring advertisements, all combine to spoil one of nature’s grandest works. In Africa there is nothing of the kind. The work of nature is left almost untouched. There is a railway bridge, but it is from most points invisible, and it is nowhere a great disfigurement. The unbroken forest stretches away on all sides just as God made it. You may wander for hours about the falls and never see a human being or a trace of man’s handiwork. Then the body of water, though not so great as at Niagara, is still immense; the height of the fall is more than twice as great; and the way in which the river is split up

by wooded islands and rocks adds much to the beauty of the picture. So does the contrast between the calm broad reach above and the sudden plunge and thunder of the chasm. So do the far-rising columns of smoke. Perhaps at some time long ago Niagara may have been as beautiful as the falls of the Zambesi. To my mind it is certainly not so now.

As I sat smoking in the veranda that Christmas night, thinking over all that I had seen of natural wonders in my life, by sea and mountain and desert, it seemed to me that only once before had I felt so deeply awed and touched by the mingled grandeur and beauty of God’s works. Twenty years ago, after the Tibetan War, I had been sent to negotiate a treaty with the Chinese; and the place where I was to meet them was near the Tibetan frontier, just below the watershed of the Himalayas. On the last day of my journey, the 24th of December, I had to ride up the mountain-side, some thousands of feet, by a road through dense bamboo jungle. As we rode, in heavy rain and mist, the air grew colder and more rarefied, and our pace slower, with constant rests to breathe our animals. All at once the gray dripping mist above us seemed to turn to a dull blue; and as I was wondering what it meant, we came out suddenly into a patch of dazzling sunlight. We rode on a few yards, up a bare rocky hillside, in alternate sunshine and drifting cloud, and then found ourselves in the open near the summit of an isolated peak which the cloud did not reach. Pulling up, we sat in our saddles and looked about us, and I can never forget the sight that met our eyes. Around us, as far as we could see, cutting us off from the world of men, lay a vast canopy of white cloud. Near our feet it was moving slowly, stirred by faint eddies of air. Farther away it looked still and solid, as if one could ride over it. But breaking up

through the cloud—alone—and towering into the deep blue sky, rose the gigantic mass of Kinchinjunga, sixteen thousand feet of rock and snow and ice-field glittering in the midday sun.

The two scenes were very different, but the remembrance of my Christmas on the Zambesi always brings back to be now that earlier Christmas on the borders of Tibet. And those two memories are among my most treasured possessions.

XIV.

THE GRAVE OF CECIL RHODES.

For one who never knew him in life, it is not easy to form a clear conception of the character of Cecil Rhodes. One hears in South Africa some hard things said about him, and, on the other hand, one hears him spoken of with almost unbounded enthusiasm. During the later part of his life, after the Jameson raid, he was for a time regarded by the Dutch population as their greatest enemy, and it is said that the desire to capture him had much to do with the obstinate persistence of the Boers in the siege of Kimberley. Some of them have not forgiven him yet. Nor is it only the Dutch who speak evil of him. Conan Doyle in his history of the war criticizes Rhodes severely, and Conan Doyle only says what many others say. But whatever his faults may have been, there can be no doubt that he was a man of vast thought and powerful will, who loved the country of his adoption, and always had before his eyes the ideal of a great united South Africa. Nor can there be a doubt that while he was in one sense an African—der of the Afrianders, with the deepest goodwill for the Dutch, he was intensely loyal to England, and regarded the interests of South Africa as bound up with those of the Empire. We may surely be content to forget his reputed shortcomings, and to remember

him only as a great and patriotic Englishman, whose aims were as high as his courage.

Rhodes was fond of getting away at times from the stress and worry of his daily life to the solitude of the forest, which seemed to soothe and refresh him as nothing else could do. He felt the need of solitude to think out his big thoughts; and it is in the forest, on the summit of a rocky hill, which he chose out during his lifetime, that he now lies at rest.

It is easy for any one visiting Bulawayo to see his grave, which has become one of the places of pilgrimage in South Africa. The journey to the heart of the Matabele country can now be made in a motorcar. The road is not, though much trouble has been taken with it, what would be regarded as a good motoring road in England; but in spite of some rough bits, and occasional divergences into the bush, the drive is pleasant enough. Passing slowly through a stretch of mimosa forest, golden in the morning sun, and leaving behind one or two farmhouses of corrugated iron, one arrives after an hour or so at a wayside bungalow used as a hotel. It stands above a valley where Rhodes carried out one of his innumerable projects—throwing a dam across between two hillsides to make a lake, from which a large farm is now irrigated. A few miles farther on, after passing at long intervals two or three small clusters of native huts, one comes to some fine craggy hills overgrown with forest—the Matoppos. At the end of a gorge in these hills the road ceases, and one has to go the rest of the way on foot. We got out of our car willingly enough, and began the ascent to the grave. It is an easy walk, first along the grassy valley among the rocks, and then up a stone slope to the top of the hill.

At the top there is an irregular plat-

form of rock, one end of it lower than the other. At the lower end is a fine monument erected over the graves of Alan Wilson and the men who fell with him. Their memory deserves every honor their countrymen can bestow; but it might have been better, unless Rhodes himself wished them to lie near him, to give the monument a site of its own. Standing where it does, it seems in some measure to strike a false note, to divert the mind from its main object, the grave of the man who chose that lonely hill as his resting-place. Perhaps the desire was to let Rhodes have about him some of his comrades, the men who died to carry out his orders and win Rhodesia for the Empire; but however that may be, it would, I think, have been more in keeping with the spirit of the place to let Rhodes lie there by himself, alone in death with the hills and the forests, as he loved to be in his life. And their death was so noble that it should surely be treated as a thing apart, a memory to which men might give themselves up altogether, undisturbed by a different train of thought.

The top of the hill is bare, with some weather-worn boulders at the higher end. Among these is the plain rock-

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hewn tomb, with a flat slab bearing the inscription—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
CECIL JOHN RHODES.

On the surrounding rock are small patches of sulphur-colored lichen. As we stood by the grave some white butterflies fluttered past us down wind, and a lizard ran in little jerks, a few inches at a time, slowly over the stone. There was no other life in sight.

The "World's View," as it is called, cannot be compared with many mountain views elsewhere; but it is fine—a far-stretching wilderness of hills intermingled with forest, their rocky summits carved by the hand of time into a great variety of forms. Many of the rocks are rounded, but some have taken the shape of turrets and battlements, or are balanced one upon another. Here and there one saw a little smooth green patch, showing where cultivation had been; and there was one deserted kraal, a mile or more away, a little thatched hut surrounded by a rough fence of cut branches.

Perhaps Lo Bengula, conquered and betrayed, lies in some hill cave not far from his great enemy; but the Matoppo keep his secret well.

(To be continued.)

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN MODERN LIFE.

I.

There are periods in the world's age when the great things that run through our human history like continuous threads have to be reconsidered; when our thought about them has to be readjusted to the new ideas and conditions at which we have arrived in our journey. No one who contemplates calmly the civilized world to-day can pretend that ours is a moment of deep

spiritual or artistic growth. The present time is essentially one in which the things of the spirit—that is to say the arts and the philosophies—after a time of great and rapid development, have to come to rest, and when material things are developing so rapidly as to absorb almost the whole of the world's time. This is a time of spiritual and artistic maturity; after a period of growth and struggle there has

come a pause, in which these spiritual affairs of ours detach themselves from the great onward-rushing tide of movement which we call progress and are floating, as it were, in still water, away from the main current, away from the great pathway of the world's progress; out of sympathy with it perhaps, but most certainly detached from it. In every day there comes, after the glory of the dawn and freshness of the early morning, after the fire has faded from the skies and the dews have dried from the fields of promise, a time of stagnation and flatness, when the air seems to hang heavily, and the life and vitality to have departed from the day. In every human life there is a similar moment; and after emergence from the dreamy realms of childhood, after the promises and the enthusiasms and fires of youth have been a little dulled and chilled by contact with the crude realities of life, a flatness and weariness and sense of disillusionment come like a cloud over our existence, and the material asserts itself over the spiritual. And so with that longer day and greater and more complex life in which we image the history of an age or a civilization; so with the component currents of human effort of which that life is made up; so, at some time or other, with discovery, with invention, with religion, with art; these things all have their time of accomplishment and their time of pause. And so, among other arts, with the art of music—a thing founded on phenomena which are as old as the human race, but which in the form that we know it now is the youngest of the family of arts, one whose development through the last few centuries has been increasingly rapid, whose birth lies within the span of recorded human history, and whose maturity we witness to-day.

Think, then, of music to-day as a mature, fully evolved art, of the tech-

nique of which we would appear to know practically everything there is to be known; and think of modern life as the existence of men and women in this world to-day, and the special circumstances that make that existence different from the lives of men and women of an earlier age. In what way is the life we live more suitable for the cultivation of music, in what way is it less suitable than the life of the last two centuries, in which music came to its rapid and splendid maturity? These I think are questions worth considering.

Unfortunately, the moment one begins to talk about modern life one is almost bound to begin to talk in platitudes; there are some things so obvious, and yet so true, that they can only be expressed in a commonplace. We do live in an age of hurry. We do live in a world where rapidity is often counted higher than thoroughness, and where the conditions of life demand a smattering of information on many subjects, rather than a depth of knowledge on any one. We do live in a civilization where things like telegraphy, railroads, telephones, mechanical substitutions for labor, and so on, have enormously complicated the life of every human being in our country, and where in the hurry and clamor and chaotic activities of the struggle, we seem to drift farther and farther away from that quieter, younger age that was the golden age of the fine arts, where there was sunshine and silence and room for the soul of man to grow, and space for it to soar on its wings of poetry and music.

It may seem absurd to suggest that music is an anachronism here, and that, where other things are developing and changing and growing so rapidly, it alone is to be condemned to a state of stagnation. You may say, surely music, which is such a living art, and so closely bound up with the

senses and emotions of mankind, can express the particular spirit of every age; surely it too can move with the times, and readjust itself to a new age and new conditions? I know that that view is held by many; but it would be dishonest of me not to make it quite clear that it is not my view. I do not believe that music can "move with the times" in the common sense of that expression; I do not believe that music can be used as a happy or suitable expression for the fluctuations of the cotton market, for the spirit of wireless telegraphy or valveless motor-engines, or for our emotions about murder trials and rubber shares. Music is no time-server. It is, and has always been, an expression of the inner soul of man, the most subtle form of expression known to us, but an expression always of those great fundamental emotions that are common, not to one country or to one time, but to the soul of man in all times and places.

Then, you say, why should it be any less at home in our modern life than in the life of the generations before us? The answer is to be found in those very conditions of modern life that give it its distracting, hurrying, and unrestful character. Music, I have said, is primarily an expression of the soul; an escape, if you like, for the imagination; a means where we may be independent of our immediate conditions, and escape beyond them into a world of poetry and phantasy. And the need for that escape is found in a simple and quiet life rather than in a complex and hurrying life—or to put it in an extreme way, the need for this imaginative escape exists more in a dull life than in an interesting life. If all our activities of thought and imagination are fully occupied by the things around us, we shall not need to use our imagination to escape into a more interesting world; in short, material things are so many, so varied, and so engrossing,

that we do not feel the need of things of the spirit.

II.

Let me try to make this rather obscure point plainer by picturing the typical lives of two men. The one man lives, in an age other than this, in a little country town far removed from any great metropolitan activities. He is not rich, but his means are, and have always been, sufficient for his wants, and he lives in a dignified simplicity, into which it is hardly ever necessary for the thought of money to enter. He has some regular occupation connected with the life of the people immediately around him, but he has leisure for reading and cultivating himself, time to be a student of any subject that interests him. The mountains that tower above the little town, the river that wanders through the meadows beyond, the road that comes down through the valley and goes on into the unknown world, these all supply him with material for interest, speculation, and wonder. The mountains though visible are inaccessible to him, and their peaks remain unspolled by familiarity; the river that has shone and rippled through his childhood is a living though speechless companion of his daily life; the road is for him a connecting link in the chain that binds him to other worlds and other lives, coming from one unknown and going on to another. His human interests lie in the people and the lives immediately round about him; there is no such thing as a newspaper, and letters are rare, things brought by the hand of some chance traveller, eagerly passed from hand to hand, read, re-read, and discussed until their minutest interest is threadbare. His excitements and distractions are all on this minute scale, and are savored and enjoyed to their fullest extent, however small and narrow they may be. In

such a life imagine the place of music—how enlarging to the horizon, how deepening to the cultivation of that quiet soul living that quiet life! How lovingly would not such a man study its secrets, how gladly would he not give that labor that sweetens all acquirement, how deeply would he not pore over the works of the masters until he became imbued with their spirit! Real growth, real artistic cultivation, real musical perception, would soon be the mark of such a man, and to him and his friends, living such a life in such a place, music would be a great door opened into the world of the spirit, at once employing and satisfying the imagination.

And now take another man. He lives in a great city crowded with commerce, where labor struggles against labor for a bare living, and riches are piled on riches; where the air is darkened with smoke, and from dawn till night the streets are filled with clamor and movement and hurry. This man too has his occupation, but it is an occupation that is never finished; he dare not pause or rest for fear some one should step in and take his place; whatever means he has are not enough, for about him on every side are people with more money, with greater means, through whose example the standard of life goes steadily up. He opens his daily paper every morning, and immediately, as in a mirror, the whole world lies open before him; he sees the explorer at work amid the ice-packs of the North; the life of a hundred famous or notorious people is spread before him in minute detail; he reads the thoughts of his fellow men half a world away; he hears the strife of parliaments, witnesses the rise and fall of kings, and sees the mine of revolution fired, and republics founded on the ashes of dynasties. His imagination, in short, is more than occupied. The swift trains can carry him within an

hour or two to the outer world in a dozen different directions; from that outer world men and women come, daily mingling with and confusing his own existence; time and distance are both annihilated, and the doings of the whole world brought visibly and audibly before him. Again I say, what room is there in such a life for imagination? What place is there for music, or more truly, what time is there for music?

For no one can cultivate music without giving time and trouble to it. As there is no royal road to learning of any kind, so there are no short cuts to musical cultivation. The advertisements of gramophone-makers and the sellers of mechanical piano-players tell us that the years spent in musical study are no longer necessary, that all the charm, all the wonder, and all the cultivation of music are open to any one, however ignorant, at the cost of a few shillings and a succession of monthly payments. There never was a greater lie uttered. The ignoramus may put the roll of a Beethoven sonata on his piano-player, turn the necessary cranks and adjust the necessary levers, and succeed in producing—what? At the best an amazingly clever and life-like caricature of a musical performance—at the worst a hideous travesty and debasement of the noblest artistic creations of mankind. Depend upon it, it is by labor and study, and by them alone, that we attain to any real achievement or high artistic enjoyment; and this mechanical substitution, this effort to get results without any expenditure of time or trouble on the process, is to me one of the most pathetic and futile things which our time has brought forth. Let us deal with these mechanical inventions once and for all, and then dismiss them from our thoughts. Let us admit all their marvellousness and their possibility, in the hands of an artistic manipulator, for

illusion and deception. The more mechanically perfect they seem to be, the more hateful they should be to us, and the more strenuously we should set our faces against any tolerance of them or traffic with them. For music from beginning to end, from its inception in the brain or impulse in the heart, to its utterance by voice or instrument, is a thing of human feeling, human touch, human effort. If we use purely mechanical means of locomotion and movement we soon lose the use of our arms and legs; and so in music the cultivation of artificial and mechanical processes will merely mean the neglect and atrophy of our natural powers; in a word, cultivation of mechanical means of musical performance must surely mean the ultimate loss of power to invent music, loss of power to produce it and loss of power to enjoy it.

III.

Music is cultivated in three great departments—there is the music of the church—the music of the concert-room and theatre—and the music of the home. The first of these is allied to a departing thing, and will depart with it; the other two belong to our everyday life, and reflect its characteristics. What is it in the music of the theatre and concert-room that most flourishes to-day? I am the first to admit the enormous strides that public taste has made in orchestral music in the last ten or fifteen years. Orchestral music has become what it never was before, really popular among musical amateurs; and London, which for some time lagged behind the North in its appreciation and support of orchestral music, has now probably more orchestral performances, attended by more people, than any other city in the world. This is largely due to the development of the modern art of conducting and the consequent improvement in orchestral

playing, and again the consequent unlocking of a whole treasure-house of sound to the general public. But it still remains a fact that orchestral music does not "pay" in the large sense of the word, and if one wants a rough test for what is popular, not with amateurs predisposed to be interested, but with the public at large, one had better apply the money test. There are no fortunes to be made in running orchestras or giving orchestral concerts. Neither will any one seriously contend that grand opera is popular in England. It is of no use to say that it ought to be, that it would be under such and such conditions; the fact for our immediate consideration is that it is not—that is to say, that people will not pay to hear operas in sufficient numbers to make it financially worth any one's while to produce them. The heroic struggles of the Carl Rosa Company have proved it in the past. The equally heroic efforts of the Moody Manners Company are proving it in the present; and though Mr. Thomas Beecham is doing admirable work with his opera season in London and is getting any amount of appreciation and support, we must not forget that there is a well from which the general public is believed to draw health, and from which Mr. Beecham is believed to draw wealth. In short, the fact that Mr. Beecham is very generously and patriotically spending his money on the production of operas, does not alter the fact that opera is not closely enough in touch with modern life in England to be economically possible. What then is popular? We have one thing that really does flourish in England as it flourishes nowhere else, and that is so-called musical comedy. Serious musicians are too apt to despise these productions, but they have survived the criticism of the learned and the denunciation of musical enthusiasts, myself included, and they have proved that they do be-

long in a very real way to the life of our time. I remember in my own early days as a musical critic, when I must admit these musical comedies had not reached the high standard they have reached since, involving my newspapers in more than one libel action by Mr. George Edwardes, on account of my denunciation of his productions on artistic grounds; but I should be less than honest if I did not now admit that time and development have proved me wrong; that there was a germ of real life in these things, and that it has lived and developed into a mode of expression peculiarly English. For we must remember that the great characteristic of English music in its best days was always its gaiety; it was never melancholy, never romantic, never savage or barbaric; it was always gay, gay with the gaiety of the English country-side, of village songs and games, and romping dances in the meadows, and the bucolic hilarity of the tavern. Well, much of that has gone from us. The gaiety of the country-side, the games and village dances have vanished; but still, when the thread of English music reasserts itself, it is found, though wonderfully transformed, to be still uttering its gay message. What is it we have always most needed in England, with our heavy climate and gray cloudy skies, with our sternness and dulness and dignity? A little laughter surely. It has always been the thing missing from our composition, and the thing with which the divine art has tried to supply us. Now to-day we are all a little jaded, a little tired, a little worried; though we cannot repair to the meadow-side, or join in the happy ridiculous games of former generations, we go to the theatre and laugh at the ridiculous situations invented for us there, and in the music that accompanies them we have found something that evidently answers to some need in

us, so that the airs that are born there are whistled and sung in the country-side, and, as much as any music can, become part of our national life. I say not a word in criticism of this music, whether it is good or bad; that is beside my point here. It is a part of our life, and it is one of the supreme expressions of music in our modern life. But we may admit that, without over-rating its importance, or without denying the enormous share that the dresses, the scenery, and the personalities of the people taking part in these performances, have in spreading the popularity of the music.

This frivolous expression of music is at one end of the scale; but at the opposite end there is another way in which it enters very considerably into our modern life, and that is the economic way. Music has been pressed into the great service of wage-earning to such an extent that its practice as an art threatens often to be obliterated by its practice as a trade or profession. There are many institutions in this country which exist almost solely for equipping those who join them to be teachers of music—the success or failure of which is judged on almost purely economic grounds. Now the teaching of music is not a thing for which every musician is fitted, and because a student is a successful performer, it by no means follows that he or she will be a successful teacher. And here I think we touch upon a very real weakness of some of these institutions. Those who join them in order to learn a trade, whose parents invest so much money with the idea that in a few years they will be able to earn so much more, do not, in many cases, pursue their studies with any very real deep devotion to the subject, but too often with a view merely to acquire the necessary smattering that will enable them to earn fees by giving lessons. The teachers

of music are thus divided very sharply into two classes. There is the genuine artist who works and studies hard, seeking always to perfect himself in his particular branch of music; a singer or a player perhaps, who finds himself unable to live on the engagements that he can get as a performer. There is no help for such a one, except in teaching; not the teaching of geniuses, but of any one who will come—often far removed from genius. There is no sadder thing in the world than to see some really artistic spirit gradually crushed and wearied by the drudgery of teaching, and its bright wings, that aspired to mount to the sun, soiled with the dust of the earth in the struggle for an actual living. To those genuinely artistic spirits, thoroughly sound musicians perhaps, but without the superlativeness of voice or technique which alone to-day commands a wide hearing, the modern world is no friendly place, and modern life is no easy condition. Such people necessarily live completely out of harmony with the world about them. Their ambition is the attainment of perfection, and perfection is a luxury which they are neither allowed to attain themselves, nor assist others to the attainment of. If they have a brilliant pupil, he or she soon passes into other hands; the dull ones require results of some kind in the shortest possible time, and with the least possible expenditure of money; to be taught how to get through a song or piano-forte piece, in a way that will secure the admiration of their uncritical friends, is all they want. And in the deadly struggle for life, the artist is again and again forced down into the prosecution of this melancholy business, until too often his faith in himself, and even in his art, is lost, and he becomes a mere drudge in the economic service. In such a life it can hardly be said that music is in harmony with modern conditions.

IV.

I could multiply instances of this kind to any extent, and in a way rather depressing to those who love and study music for itself; but they would only tend to strengthen and support my theory, that all attempts to change the character of music with the changed character of our age; all attempts to force it from what it is into something that it is not and cannot be; all efforts to turn an artistic and spiritual thing into an economic and commercial thing; in a word, all efforts to make music move with the times, are bound to end in failure. What place then has music in our modern life? I believe that it has a very real place and use with us to-day. And the great use of music in modern life, it seems to me, may be expressed in a paradox. Its use in modern life is as a means of escape from modern life. Its value to us lies, not in its likeness to the conditions around us, but in its difference from them; not in its correspondence with our everyday life, but in its contrast to it. It is a life-belt which will preserve those who carry it from altogether sinking in the welter of sordid material conditions about them; it is a fiery chariot that will catch us up out of cares and struggles here, and bear us to a world of serene and exalted things; that may carry us from turmoil into peace, and from earth to heaven. Poetry and music, as Hector Berlioz said, are the two wings of the soul; and as it has in all times been regarded as a means of rising beyond the limitations of material conditions into the free world of the spirit, so, more truly to-day than ever, it may still be regarded. And to those who have chosen music as the main work and study of their lives, and who are not infrequently confronted with these very questions of its apparent incompatibility with the general run of the world's thought and interest to-day, I

cannot help feeling that it will be a great strength, a great consolation, and a great encouragement, if they will think of music in this way, as having nothing whatever to do with the material interests and affairs of mankind, but as belonging to another world, another dimension, another element. How often at sea is one not awed and confounded, if one's eye is raised no higher than the horizon, by the tumult and desolation of the waters, the busy, tiresome, laborious activities of the ship, the grinding and commotion, the throbbing and pulsing, the humming of winds, and roar and crashing of waves. Yet raise your eyes above the salt wilderness of water, above the laboring ship, above the swinging masts, and there, visibly above you, is a world of peace, unbroken and eternal, where stars are shining quietly, and whither the tumults of the sea do not reach. And those of us with the cultivation and perception to appreciate great music have always close at hand just such another world, another element in which our spirits may refresh themselves. There never was a time when we more needed such an escape; there never was a time when material things were so pressing; when the clamor and tumult of the world was so outrageous; when the things of life itself were so deafening as to dull our ears to all the finer sounds. We need music more than ever in the world to-day, and the mission of those who cultivate it is a higher and more sacred mission than ever it was. It is no longer for the mere adornment and elegance of life that they labor, but for spiritual life itself; it is not to give the musical spirit more balmy airs to breathe, but for its very breath they are fighting.

It goes without saying that there are certain kinds of music that appeal to us more easily to-day than other kinds. It is always easy to listen to Wagner

or Chopin, because there is in all their music a trace of that emotional fever that is never far below the surface of our modern life; but it is often hard to get into the necessary frame of mind to be able to enjoy the music of Beethoven or Mozart. We must all have been aware of experiencing this difficulty of going into a concert-room, and looking forward to hearing a favorite symphony, and finding when it came to be played that it had nothing to say to us, that we were not in the mood for it, that we were listening to its notes without really hearing it. All very serious music requires an atmosphere, a *stim-mung* to be established, before it can really come to life, and this atmosphere is one which it is increasingly hard to establish, in proportion as it becomes farther and farther removed from the atmosphere in which we live our lives. All chamber music needs it; for example, how often is one really in the mood to appreciate or even enjoy a Beethoven quartette? Such things have really no part with our everyday life; they belong to a region of things which we must deliberately enter into if we are to appreciate or enjoy them, and that region is very far from the region which we inhabit during the greater part of our waking lives. In a simpler age it lay near at hand, and from the daily life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was but a step into that world, now so spiritually removed from us. Between the life of London to-day, with its high pressure, its domination by money, its fierce battles, the endless struggle for life that is going on in it, the endless grim effort to keep a foothold at all amid its jostling crowds, the tremendous hurrying tide and torrent of activity that roars for ever in our ears—ah! between that and the quiet little world of candle-light in a home in some German country town, two hundred years ago, what a contrast! Could we but open

the windows of our mental vision and see the little family group surrounding the open scores and steeping themselves in the joy and understanding of deep and true music, what peace and refreshment might we not find!

Well, it is to some extent possible for us to do it still; that world lies still within our reach, although the journey to it becomes longer and longer every day. It is very hard for the individual to reach it alone. The atmosphere that I have spoken of may be, and is, still established where a number of people, who really care for music, gather together and work at it. Such things as quartette-parties and singing-societies, even though the standard of performance which they attain may not be a very high one, are invaluable aids to the cultivation of music in our life to-day. One of the strongest and healthiest branches of English music is to be found in the brass bands of the towns and villages of England. And why? Just because they involve the association of people, the meeting together with the one purpose of working at and studying music, and consequently, that temporary escape from ordinary life, which I have emphasized as being the most valuable thing that music can give us to-day.

And I would strongly urge, as the sum of what I have been trying to say

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about the place of music in modern life, that the thing to be striven for, and worked for to-day, is the cultivation of a musical atmosphere. It is less important to-day that we should produce new music, than that we should cultivate an atmosphere in which music that has already been produced can be heard and enjoyed. That really is the thing that is in danger to-day. There is no danger that we shall lose our technical accomplishments, for there never was an age when technique was in such a high state of perfection as it is to-day. Be sure that we shall never lack performers, never lack producers of music. What we may come to lack is listeners—not because the world shall have grown weary of music, or will come to need it any the less, but because in the crowded material conditions of modern life the atmosphere in which people can listen at all may become less and less easy of attainment. And the establishment of that atmosphere, whenever and wherever it is possible, is the best service that we can render music to-day; that we may preserve it, not as part of our modern life, but as a part of that greater life which is not ancient or modern, but universal and eternal, into which our spirits may escape in hours of heaviness or oppression here.

Filson Young.

CHARLIE OVER THE WATER.

BY JANE H. FINDLATER.

V.

The train for Cypress Creek came up at last.

"We will soon be reaching now, mother," Hector said, feeling that their troubles were nearly over, as he helped her once more into the car. It was filled with a motley company, and our travellers retreated to their seats and watched their fellow-passengers in sur-

prise. A lot of foreign emigrants filled some of the seats, and another group were playing cards.

"What will they be doing with the bits of pictures?" the Widow whispered to her grandson.

"These'll be playing-cards, mother," he said, having learned as much as that (and a little more) on board ship. He would have liked, indeed, to join the

game; but his grandmother's horrified exclamation put an end to that. She had never seen a card in her life, and knew of them only as some mysterious evil.

"Eh, Hector, and on the Lord's Day!" she sighed. Her Sabbatarian views were getting many a shock just now. Hector then began to look out at the window. They were crossing the Mississippi, and the rushing, tawny flood of the great river filled him with delight. They came after that into a strange region, where the train seemed to run through shallow lakes; water was round and round them, with great cypress-trees rising out of the swamps. Then the swamps seemed to dry up again, and they went through forests. There were clearings here, and white men's houses, easily distinguishable from the deplorable negro cabins.

It was about two o'clock now, and the fervid heat of the afternoon sun struck in through the windows of the car. Would the journey never end? Even Hector's interest began to flag; and as for the Widow, she felt as if she were in a bad dream—a dream of endless clanking noise and dust and heat, and wild strange faces all round her.

She leant back and closed her eyes, and her mind travelled across the weary leagues that lay now between her and home. As clear as day she saw the cottage, its brown thatched roof dripping in the rain, the blue peat-smoke curling up from the chimney. . . . With a quick movement she felt in her pocket for the key—the blessed key—and clutched it fast: it seemed to her a charm, a pledge, something to hold on to when everything round her was unreal. Then in her utter weariness she dozed again, and another hour was got through. Three o'clock—they had lost all sense of time, and had no watch to set them right. The train stopped once or twice, and people got out and

came in. Each time Hector started up, asking if this was Cypress Creek, and always was told "Not yet." They might have been travelling on into Eternity—far, far beyond the limits of Time. . . . Hector, too, fell asleep, and was wakened by a tap on his shoulder and the voice of the negro porter speaking thrilling words:

"Now, then, sah! Cypress Creek—step lively."

Hector dragged himself up out of the abyss of sleep, and essayed to waken his grandmother, who had again been wrapped in slumber. She woke with a start.

"Och, Hector, I was after dreaming of a cruel long journey I was taking!" she cried. She sat up, blinking her tired eyes. Could it be she found herself in her own chair at home? Alas! there were only the horrible strange faces round her, some of them laughing at what she had said, and Hector calling to her to be quick and get out of the train, for they had reached Cypress Creek at last!

They seemed to have arrived at the very world's end—just a cluster of wooden houses set down on the edge of the forest; the railway track running through this pretence at a village, and two or three negroes and whites loitering about to look at the train.

With some difficulty the Widow was hoisted out of the car. She found herself standing on the solid ground once more, but dazed with fatigue and blinded by the blaze of the afternoon sun as it struck across her dim old eyes. Groping, with her hands held out before her as she went, she stumbled forward. A tall man was coming towards her.

"Eh, mother, it's yourself!" he cried, with that quite indescribable note of the exile's voice in his cry. She ran forward—yes, ran, as if those old limbs had suddenly become young again—and fell into his outstretched arms.

"Och, och, it's Charlie—it's Charlie!"

In a moment she had forgotten everything—the unutterable strangeness of her surroundings, the weary sea and land that she had crossed: she had got to Charlie at last, her dim eyes had seen him again, her dull ears heard his voice.

People at the window of the car looked out and smiled at the meeting—at the funny-looking old woman in her tartan shawl holding on to the big man; but some of them had tears in their eyes, too—for with most of them partings had been commoner than such meetings.

During the first few days of their stay at Cypress Creek Hector lived in hourly expectation that his fraud about the letter would be discovered. But whether it was that his grandmother had got so confused by all she had gone through that she forgot about the letter, or whatever it was, nothing happened, and very soon Hector began to forget the matter himself. The new life that opened round him now appeared wonderfully vivid and interesting. For here at "MacLean's Place," as the neighbors called Charlie's clearing, there was work enough and to spare, and Hector rejoiced in this. Work—the men of the Old World didn't know the meaning of the word! In comparison with what the settlers here got through in a day, the labors of men at home seemed like the scratchings of mice.

Nature was being conquered and held by the throat, as it were, all the time; the land had been slowly and painfully reclaimed from the forest inch by inch; the great trees felled, with reckless waste of timber, and then their roots dug and torn out of the soil to make room for crops. All round about the clearing Hector watched the same sort of thing going on. Men toiled like cattle to win this rich land for themselves

and their children. An incessant war it was, splendid and triumphant, where man was always the victor in the end, and Nature, at last subdued, obediently yielded up her fruits into the hands of her conqueror.

To join in the battle—what more would any man ask? Hector wondered. His spirit kindled to the work. It was new and exciting, often dangerous, always difficult! but work for men. He looked back with a blessed sense of escape at the little stony croft on the island where he had worked so long. What child's play it had been! No adventures, no risks—above all, no prizes to win: just picking away at the barren soil, reaping the thin little crops, and scraping the ground once more, over and over again. And now he had escaped from it all. He thought contemptuously of the long idleness of the crofter's winter, and laughed with glee to have said good-bye to it for ever. You may be sure that a lad with Hector's views was fully appreciated by his uncle. It was not easy to get "help" enough for all the work; the negroes were lazy and difficult to manage, and white labor was scarce. No wonder, then, that Hector found himself in great request. He toiled late and early, getting burnt almost black by the sun, growing taller and stronger, and enjoying himself mightily.

There was a curious, not altogether desirable, population round Cypress Creek. All nations and peoples, and tongues were there, and among these, too, a large sprinkling of the descendants of the convicts who had been sent out to the plantations in old days. These you could distinguish from the other settlers by their very air; there seemed to be a streak of untameable wildness somewhere in them—it sparkled in their hard defiant eyes, and lurked at the corners of their thin lips. A strange composite society it was at-

together; in truth a change of mental atmosphere from the few decent crofter families of Balneish!

Hector's relative had lived long enough in America to have thoroughly absorbed one of its cardinal doctrines—that everyone must look for himself. So beyond a word or two of warning now and again, Hector was left to take his own way.

The Widow in the meantime was having some new experiences too, as you may imagine. The first weeks of her stay had been a sort of confused yet happy dream. She had reached her son; she had finished her terrible journey. But then things began to wear another complexion. The heat became overpowering—there was no escape from it day or night; and sometimes in her simple way the old woman would "put up a prayer" that coolness might come. The thunderstorms terrified her when they burst above the little house with a strange crackling sound, and the very earth shook. Then, when evening came, there was sometimes a breath of fresher air, and Charlie would take her to sit out by the door. Away in the distance they could still see the lightning playing, like great swords thrust down out of heaven into the forest, and the Widow was scared by it. In the swamps the frogs kept up a constant chanting that she could not get accustomed to, and, worst of all, an occasional rattlesnake would appear.

"Och, it's the Evil One himself—I will have read it in the Good Book!" she cried, almost beside herself with terror. Mosquitoes, too—who could be doing with the like of them? And nothing would ever reconcile her to the negroes. So what with one thing and another life did not appear in its liveliest colors.

But these outside disagreeables would have mattered not at all if everything had gone smoothly indoors.

Alas! before many weeks had passed, difficulties began to crop up between the Widow and her daughter-in-law. Mrs. Charlie MacLean proved to have "a temper," and along with it a fiercely jealous nature. She could not see her husband's devotion to his mother without resenting it; and when the Widow also won the affections of little Donald it was more than she could bear. Like all jealous people, she tried to conceal her jealousy, and showed it in undeserved outbursts of anger about nothing. But she took good care never to lose her temper in this way before Charlie; it was always when he was out that these horrible scenes occurred. Then the old woman would cower before her, and take refuge in silence, always hoping that things would mend with time. Of course, instead of mending, they got worse and worse. The Widow began to wear a bullied, almost frightened, expression, and Charlie asked her often if she felt quite well. "It will be the heat," she always told him, anxious that he should suspect nothing. Then they would return to that unending converse they held together about the Island—that converse which so provoked and angered Charlie's wife. Why, she asked, why in all the world should her husband be wanting to know all the foolish things he was forever asking his mother about? He seemed to wish to know about every stone on the road, every bush on the hillside; and as for the questions he asked they were purely childish: Had the big boulder on the roadside still got the blasting-hole in it?—he remembered how he (and poor Andrew that's dead and gone) used to play at filling up the hole with mud on wet days; and was there a gate now where the path from the shieling joined the road to Balneish? What sort of gate was it? And was it true the byre needed new thatch? Did old John Matheson do

the thatching yet?—he must be getting up in years. . . .

So their talk ran; and Charlie's wife listened with very ill-concealed irritation. He could apparently never hear enough of the Island, and every evening when he came in from work would sit down beside his mother to hear more. It was just extraordinary the silly questions he found to ask. These hours of talk became the only happiness of the Widow's life—for them she lived through the long, hot, weary days, bearing with her daughter's ill-temper. One night (but the wife was out then) she drew from her pocket the clumsy old key of the cottage door, and showed it to Charlie.

He held it reverently in his big work-marred hands for a long time, turning it round and round; then he gave it back to his mother without a word, but he drew his hand across his eye as he did so, and the Widow gave a great sob. How well that no one was there to behold their folly!

It was getting on to the month of August, when one day Hector came in very full of excitement, for something had happened. He had been at Cypress Creek, and there at the saloon had met some horse-traders from Mexico. These gentlemen, with their fringed leather gloves, slouched hats and sashes, had completely captivated Hector's imagination—how could it possibly have been otherwise? They had allowed him to mount into their high Mexican saddles, and had even complimented him on his lately acquired accomplishment of sticking on to a horse. Finally, they had proposed that he should return with them to Mexico for a couple of months to try how he liked their style of life. Hector was wildly anxious to go; his answer was to be given next day. But here Charlie was as adamant. Nothing would make him approve of this scheme. The horse-traders from Mex-

ico were, as he expressed it, "too tough altogether" for a lad like Hector to go with—he must stay where he was.

The verdict put Hector into something perilously like a bad temper. He would scarcely speak all the evening, and finally marched off to bed in silence.

"The lad's disappointed," Charlie said, with a smile.

"Och, Charlie, he's but young, for all he's so tall and strong," said the Widow indulgently; "I'm thinking you were liking your own way yourself once."

"To be sure I was, mother, and Hector's a fine lad; I'd have given him his way if I could," said Charlie. Then he forgot all about the boy, and returned to his eternal talk of home.

The next morning, however, Hector did not appear at breakfast.

"He will be sleeping, I'm thinking," said the Widow, always anxious to defend her grandson.

Charlie's wife rose impatiently, and went to rouse the boy, grumbling as she went. But in a minute she returned, holding a bit of paper in her hand.

"Here's for you, grannie," she said, thrusting the paper at the Widow.

"I cannot be seeing it, Charlie," she said; and Charlie took it from her and read out:

I have gone off to Mexico, because I wish to see more of the world. I will be coming back in two months' time. Do not be anxious for me, mother; I will be getting on all right.

Your dutiful grandson,

Hector.

"Dutiful grandson, indeed!" Mrs. Charlie cried, and even Charlie was roused to indignation by this defiance of his authority. Only the Widow tried to soften down Hector's transgression, and pled with her son to remember the boy's youth and spirit.

But Charlie in stern haste set off there and then in the mule-cart in pursuit of Hector; only to find on inquiry at Cypress Creek that the horse-traders had made a mysterious departure in the small hours of the morning.

It was impossible to catch them up. Hector must be left to look after himself.

August and September went slowly past, October began, and still Hector did not return. He sent a letter once to the Widow, telling that he was well and happy; that was all. Many an anxious thought she had for him during these weary months, you may be sure.

But at last one morning Hector walked into the house, without a word of warning, as coolly as possible, and quite as if he expected to be made welcome there.

His aunt, however, greeted him but coldly.

"It's you, is it, Hector? You might have sent word that you were coming; but you weren't over-civil when you left, so perhaps we couldn't look for it now," she said.

"Where's mother?" Hector asked, ignoring her words.

Mrs. Charlie put down the dish she was drying on to the table before she replied: "She's in bed: I don't know what's the matter with her, I'm sure."

Hector strode across the kitchen and ran up the little wooden stair that led to his grandmother's room. Opening the door he stood for a moment on the threshold and looked in.

The Widow was propped up in bed and lay with her eyes shut. There was an expression of humble weariness on her old face that was infinitely touching. "I am so tired," it seemed to say; "but I must just wait; there is nothing I can do."

Everything round her was clean and comfortable—far more comfortable

than the old box-bed at home—but still . . .

Hector stepped across the floor softly, thinking she was asleep. In a moment her eyes opened at the sound of his footstep.

"It'll be yourself, Charlie?" she asked, for her eyes were getting dimmer than ever.

"No, mother, it's Hector," he answered.

She gave her old cry of delight: "Och, Hector, and you're back safe and sound! Wherever have you been all this long time, my laddie?"

"Just seeing the world," said Hector. "And what's the matter with you, mother? Is it sick you are?"

"I'm not knowing; I'm thinking it's the end coming," she said.

Hector had a sudden flash of intuition at that moment and a stab of conscience. He sat down on the edge of the bed and took her wrinkled hand in his, that was so young and strong.

"Tell me, mother, are you not liking to be here?" he asked in a whisper. She held on hard to his hand, and the long pent-up misery of all these months found speech at last.

"I'm wanting home, Hector; I'm wanting home to die—I couldn't be resting in the strange earth here. . . . Och, och, that I ever left Balneish!" she moaned.

"But then you'd not have been seeing Uncle Charlie again," Hector said, with another stab at the heart. "And would you like to be leaving him now—him that's so good to you, mother?"

The Widow pulled Hector's face down towards her that she might speak low into his ear.

"It's Charlie's wife that's wanting to be rid of me, Hector; she'll be saying things to me every day. She will have said it was a mistake that ever we came—they were never wanting us; but, och, dear me! she'll not be troubled long with me now." The old woman

sobbed aloud as she gave this melancholy testimony to the hardness of human nature. Hector sat still, holding the old hand firmly in his. A terrible moment it was to him—the harvest-time of the only lie he had ever told.

"I'm to tell you something, mother," he said at last. "It was me made up the message from Uncle Charlie in the letter—he never sent it; I was wearying of the Island, and couldn't get away."

Then, in a perfect agony of self-reproach, poor Hector knelt down by the side of the bed and prayed the Widow's forgiveness for what he had done. He had never thought it would make her unhappy, he had only thought she would like to see Charlie—and now she was miserable, and it was all his fault! In a moment a thousand fond excuses had leapt to her tongue. Forgive him? She would never be thinking about it again! But Hector would listen to none of all this. One road

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lay before him, and only one; it would be a bitter road, but he determined there and then to tread it.

"I'm to take you home, mother," he said.

She caught at his hand and peered into his face, trying to read there whether this blessed suggestion could be true.

"You'll be joking, Hector," she said sadly. But Hector shook his head.

"I'm to take you home whenever you rise from the bed," he said doggedly.

"Eh! and what will Charlie be saying?" she asked. "I'll never be telling him about the wife."

They were indeed on the horns of dilemma—how to make Charlie, the best of sons, understand why his mother wished to leave him in her age and frailty.

"I'm thinking you should tell him this, mother," Hector said at last, "that you're wanting to die at home." A moment later he added reflectively, "It's him that'll understand that."

(To be concluded.)

SHEPHERDLESS SHEEP.

On Sunday evening, the lights of Oxford Street sent a red glare upwards, while from Marble Arch irregular yellow eyes, slung in darkness, led through the shadowed Park. Rain dripped from leafless trees, and the backs of tilted chairs; lamplight flickered upon the curved fronts of other chairs, erect and glimmering, like rows of fleshless ghosts. Lights from Oxford Street flared reddish to the sky; by Marble Arch, they took a tinge of green and wavered on the faces of a great crowd, which, though always moving, never seemed to move away. Restless, yet apathetic, stirred with difficulty to applause or protest, thus, week by week and year by year, the shepherdless sheep of London gather round Marble

Arch, where Church-Army man pits his voice against Freethinker and Humanitarian Deist, while Socialist and Anti-vivisectionist rage from adjacent groups. . . .

Beyond, in the Park, shadows lay black; wind stirred through leafless boughs, and furtive figures glided to and fro; sound of traffic from Edgware Road swept across with a faint, unmeaning hum. Soon eager faces, staring eyes, were raised above the blackness of the crowd, as one by one the shepherds came, chose their vantage-ground, and sought to gather in their flocks. Back to the railings they stood—flare of the gas shone on open mouths and glistening eyes, on thin hands gesticulating above a sea of

black. Among the first to draw a crowd was a lecturer on "War—do you want it?" He leashed his red banner more firmly to its stand, mounted a wooden platform, thrust hands in pockets, and cleared his throat.

"Just five minutes' chat," said he—mildly agreeable—"before my friend Mr. Barnes arrives. Now then, I want to hear what you think about the German scare. . . . Eh, what's that? Oh, bad cough? Take care of it these damp nights, sir! Now, now—this German scare. . . ."

Two or three men detached themselves from the crowd, and strolled towards a Humanitarian Deist, whose voice boomed across the darkness; at that, the lecturer on "War against War" darted his head forward with a curious snake-like movement, and struck the audience for a moment to something less of apathy. He flung his arms wide; light gleamed on his jagged teeth and wide-open eyes.

"War?" he yelled, "the curse of God upon us! an unending curse! Bred in our bone, deep in our blood—a primal instinct, you say? Primal insanity! For shame, brute beasts that you are! to hanker after war still, in this twentieth century . . . War! with its nameless horrors, its fields running red with blood of fathers, husbands, lovers. . . . War—that turns the land into a butcher's shambles, with Christian souls for victims. . . . Ah, you beasts!" he spat at the crowd, who stared back listlessly, since enthusiasm is by rights confined to the shepherds at Marble Arch: the sheep will have none of it.

Pasty-faced and vehement, beneath his crimson banner, the Humanitarian Deist strove to cry down his neighbor; there flanked him a Freethinker, with goat-like beard, and hair dangling over a grimy collar. His bowler hat was pushed far back; with lean yellow hands he flung the doctrines of Chris-

tianity away into the blackness of the Park.

"Me friends!" he cried, and showed his teeth, "I tike up me Sunday piper, and I see a case of a young man—earning good wages, mind you, not bitter 'ungry as some of us are—who 'as stolen ten pounds from his master. 'Oo is that young man? A Freethinker, an', therefore, a lorst soul, as some Christians would say? No, me friends, that young man is a member of the Y.M.C.A. 'Ow's that? Y.M.C.A.! What's Christianity done for that young man? Made 'im a thief! A thief!" he repeated, with extraordinary ferocity. His eyes glittered to right and left; he clenched and unclenched his hands, squeezing them as though Christianity, in some corporeal form, were within.

"He who died for us!" came in thin, appealing tones from the darkness.

"Christianity," shouted the Freethinker, "made that young man a thief!"

Like a faint breath of wind remonstrance passed through the crowd; one or two listeners moved uneasily. Like a breath of wind the remonstrance came, like a breath it passed; the Freethinker cleared his throat, and proceeded to deal straitly with the Established Church—no one applauded, no one demurred. At last, almost voiceless, and deathly white, he staggered from the platform; there sprang to take his place a pasty-faced boy, whose subject was the wickedness of the clergy.

Under a plane tree, ten yards away, gathered a knot of whispering men, shepherded by the Christian Evidence Society. "Evidence!" murmured the leader, drawing his soft hat further over his eyes, "that's what you want—that's what I want. Now, here. . . ."

He rustled among green pamphlets, and lowered his voice still more; round him, heads gathered closely, while,

from a high stand near by, an eager voice rang out—clear, challenging.

"People run down the Catholic faith because they don't understand it! Everything that goes wrong, in England or abroad, is put down to us Catholics. It's desperately unfair. Portugal, now—I've just come from Portugal—let me tell you the truth about that business. . . ."

His tall hat was pushed back, his black eyes were afire; leaning forward, breathing hard, he flung out both arms above the crowd, clenching and unclenching his fingers, as though, by sheer effort, he could chain those listless minds.

"We've been despised!" he shouted, "but we're coming to our own! . . ."

No one gainsaid him, no one assented.

Near by, under a green and red banner, enlivened by the portrait of a singularly attenuated cat, horrors lay thick.

"Your little dog?" cried the Antivivisectionist, "the one that strayed away. . . . what became of it? Better not ask—better not wonder! If you had seen what I've seen—animals strapped down, with eyes pleading and gentle through all their agony. . . . The screams—ah, God! the screams—the quivering, tortured bodies! . . ."

A girl elbowed her way out of the crowd; a man began to whistle. The speaker's quick eyes were on them both; he passed his tongue over his lips, and wiped his gleaming forehead.

"Ah! you don't like even to hear of such things, but they go on in this city every day . . . every day. . . ."

He proceeded to arraign members of the medical profession, even as his neighbor, the Freethinker, arraigned the "cloth," while, close by, a gentleman of exquisite neatness spoke indolently upon Unity. His linen was spotless, his tie well chosen, neatly matched in color by an amethyst pin; one noted, also, leaning against the

railings, his umbrella, tightly furled, in appearance almost a walking-stick.

"Let us live in peace," drawled the neat gentleman, "union is strength. . . ." He put up a tentative hand—was that amethyst pin in place? . . .

Six yards away, scarlet tie and tweed suit marked the Socialist; orange tie and baggy Norfolk, a National Democrat. Bare-headed, with faces that shone beneath the flaming lights, they leaned forward, gesticulating.

"Slaves! Slaves from birth to death—that's what you are, each one of you! . . ." The Socialist's scarlet tie was crooked; shirt and collar owned to an estrangement.

Thus, one section of the Marble Arch orators—revolutionists, insurgents against the powers that be in Church and State, they aired their views unchecked, while lights from Oxford Street flared reddish to the sky, and wind moaned across the blackness of Hyde Park. There remained another section—orthodox—Missioners and Church-Army men, wrestling ceaselessly among these heretics for the souls of London heathen. Valliantly they struggled, and never acknowledged a defeat! pale-faced men, black-uniformed, with eager, wistful eyes. At intervals, during their ministrations, a sheet was fixed between two poles, and on it a hymn flamed out, black letters vivid on white background. Women's voices rose quaveringly:—

Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were an offering far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all!

A shade less apathetic, perhaps, the crowd gathering round these black-uniformed apostles—some subtle influence pervaded it, over which the Cockney preacher had no control, nor demure women who sang from sad-colored books; perhaps there was a tonic in the lines of those old hymns.

A broad-shouldered man stood on the

outskirts of this Church-Army throng; his light overcoat, falling open, showed dress clothes. He stared past the hymn sheet, past the leader's twitching face—away to the depths of the Park, until the singing ended, and the leader sprang to the platform, flinging out ardent hands above the waiting crowd.

"Ah, my dear brethren, we sing these words so often—do we realize their meaning?"—his eager words tripped over one another—"do we realize that Jesus Christ is waiting, yearning . . . waiting for you—and you—and you!"

The man in evening dress moved away; the eyes of the preacher followed him, curiously intuitive. He raised his voice.

"One more verse, brothers and sisters! One more!" The roller was jerked; another hymn flared out upon the white sheet. Again they sang; the man in evening dress moved back, and, listening, stared across the shadowed Park.

Stand up—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross.

trembled the thin voices, while, close by, boomed a man high on a red baize platform. "Christianity—it's played out, obsolete! Show me a Christian to-day, and you show me a man who either can't, or won't, or dare not think . . ."

Whene'er you meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout. . . .

The tremulous voices died away; the leader sprang to the platform, and his eyes sought the man behind the crowd.

"If there is any soul here to-night," he said beseechingly, "weary of sin, an' sick of unbelief, let 'Im come—let 'Im come to Jesus! Jesus won't turn 'Im away, however black those sins may be; Jesus won't point the finger of scorn . . ."

He stared beyond the ring of faces, yearning in his eyes—a fisher of men, indeed, but with over-coarse a line, for the man in evening dress turned up his coat collar, threaded his way through the crowd, and disappeared over the grass; from beneath a leafless plane tree a woman's figure rose to join him. They were lost in the shades of the Park. . . .

On the path, not far from the Church-Army preacher, one man turned and spoke to another.

"Queer study, Marble Arch," said he, "and this"—waving towards the hymn sheet, "is the queerest part of it all. You know, these religious fellows will last out all the rest—another hundred years, and they'll still be singing the same old hymns, whatever else has gone to the wall. And people will still be listening to them—that's more. Queer, ain't it? Goo'night." He sauntered away, waiting for no answer.

One other orator, a slight, black-bearded man, almost Spanish in swarthinness, had chosen his stand apart from Freethinker and Missioner both; he leaned against railings that shone silvery with raindrops—a couple of shop-boys, who perched alongside and eyed him quizzically, his sole audience.

"Ah, my friends," said he, in a curiously sing-song voice, "it's not the love o' money, and not the love o' love, that brings a man peace at the last. I've been rich an' thought wealth was all I needed—for a year. That went. An' then, I reckoned to reach Heaven wi' love of a woman. That went. . . . That went, too. . . . An' hell came after. My dear souls, 'tis black darkness for us, now an' always, without the love o' Christ. There's nothing else will lead us home-along." He raised his face to the flare of the gas, and it was lit by strange emotion.

"Ah, don't we all want to be home-along? One an' all of us wants that.

On nights like these,"—he said, and stared beyond the red lights of Oxford Street—"I can feel the breeze blowin' up Helford river, an' the hedges all wet, an' smelling sweet. . . . We all want to be home-along, whether 'tis north or south. An' if we feel so about an earthly home, my friends. . . ." His voice had grown loud, ringing, and yet was sing-song still. A spectre detached itself from the neighboring crowd, and crept towards the silvered railings, hovering there, drawn as surely by the West-country intonation as by chains of steel. Exile faced the exile; this spectre, lean and evil, stared wistfully through darkness at the man from "down-along." Irresolute, it hovered for awhile, then shuffled away between the trees, while the Cornishman preached on to that scanty, giggling audience as unconcernedly as he might have preached in his own white-washed chapel on a barren moor some three hundred miles away.

Thus and thus—the shepherds. What of these sheep that gather each Sunday night, year in, year out, on the open space near Marble Arch? Force of habit, curiosity, an hour or so to while away—thus or thus they come. A Frenchman, sauntering near Marble Arch, summed up this—our national debating society, safety valve, call it what you will—with a shrug of his shoulders.

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"Ah," said he, "they are like jelly, these Londoners of yours—they cannot even laugh well! Invertebrate! No one can rouse them—Catholic, Free-thinker, Socialist, it is all one. If the good God Himself came to Marble Arch. . . .!" He raised eloquent shoulders once more.

But is it, after all, so easy to classify the crowd at Marble Arch? Are these restless spirits, coming phantom-like out of the dusk, to be lost in shadow again, made after one pattern only? Are not some moved, perhaps, by touch of the Wanderlust, yearning for a dim ideal? Dreary stragglers on the outskirts of Truth—seeking what they know not, not knowing even that they seek—backwards and forwards they wander, and on their white faces the gas-light flares, intensifying each weak or evil line.

Shepherdless sheep, they wander, listlessly seeking some new thing, listlessly rejecting it when found; yet, perhaps, if some day a high priest worthy of the name should come to Marble Arch, he might touch them to undreamed-of heights. . . .

Meanwhile, the lights from Oxford Street flared reddish to the sky, while Hyde Park lay black beneath the gathering night. Booming of the voices died down; one by one the shepherds moved away, and the sheep as well were scattered.

Essex Smith.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

Russia is minded to ease her position in China, which the Portsmouth Treaty has rendered irksome. Before the Manchurian campaign China was as pliant as gold wire and as impressionable as wax in the hands of the Tsar's Ministers. Railway concessions, political treaties, territorial grants, commercial privileges, could all

be had for the asking. Russia's wishes were complied with almost before they were uttered. To-day this is changed. Japan's will is now taken into careful consideration by the Chinese, while Russia is not merely cold-shouldered but snubbed. That is the story told by her diplomatists. Treaties are interpreted in the sense least

favorable to Russia, the self-denying ordinance of Portsmouth whereby she renounced all privileges in Manchuria is being constantly appealed to by the wily followers of Confucius, and the great Slav nation feels not only slighted but injured in trade and commerce, and set back in the race for political influence.

For three years the relations of the two Governments have been strained thus painfully. And the period of tension might have lasted indefinitely. So long as the Mikado was a likely antagonist of the Tsar China was warmed by both of them, and had no grounds for complaint. But the Russo-Japanese Treaty wrought an end to that advantageous state of things. Japan is now hand in glove with the Tsardom, and Russia's hands are free. The United States, whose Government came forward somewhat rashly more than once as China's inspirer and backer, only to retreat again, has since discovered that Sunday-school maxims and bluff are poor weapons for attack or defence in that part of the globe. And now China and Russia are face to face, the one with a fierce scowl, and the other with the smile that is childlike and bland. From the banks of the Neva issued the first invitation to the dance of friendship. But China's reply was chilling: "No more of that, Ivan!" The Russian Government grumbled a little and put forth fresh efforts, but they blossomed out in flowery compliments barren of fruit. And now Russia is making ready to drive where she failed to draw.

Russia's list of grievances is long. It includes acts and dispositions, intentions and motives, treaties violated and treaties misinterpreted. But it is not a set of complaints which can be adequately dealt with by an edict to a Governor or the dismissal of a Viceroy. Adequacy in this matter involves a thorough overhauling of all the treaties

that regulate the intercourse of the two peoples, and the conclusion of a new one which shall do away with the friction of late years by uprooting its causes. The relations of Russia and China would then be placed on a basis worthy of two neighbors whose Empires are coterminous for a vast distance, and whose interests are not only not mutually incompatible, but are in many cases identical. Russia's frontiers with China are not always satisfactorily delimited. Nothing could be better from the standpoint of peace than to have some natural feature of the landscape serving as a frontier, such as a river, a mountain, or a desert. In a word, the scheme of Russia's future dealings with China, supremely different from those of any other two countries, ought to be fixed in a diplomatic framework, preservative of the best fruits of their secular friendship, which was interrupted by the Manchurian campaign. Russia, therefore, is anxious to negotiate with China, but with the China of the late Empress, with the China of the Bogdykhan, who is owner of the land and master of the people.

China's standpoint, on the other hand, has undergone a change. Outwardly, indeed, things and persons seem as they were. The diplomatists of Peking are still the sophists, the temporizers, the slippery bargain-drivers they always were. They ask blandly wherein they have sinned, and when the Russian Minister at Peking points out that, contrary to express stipulations, they have penalized the sale of tea by Russian merchants in certain parts of the Empire, the Chinamen appeal to another treaty clause from which, to their thinking, they derive that right. When Russia relies upon her commercial privileges in Manchuria the solemn Celestial pleads her express renunciation of all privileges in that province which is recorded in the

Treaty of Portsmouth. The resulting situation may be described as a dead-set.

In the year 1871 Russia occupied the Ili district of China, and ten years later restored it to the Emperor of China. At the same time a treaty was signed by plenipotentiaries of the two Powers at St. Petersburg, which dealt with the Russo-Chinese frontiers, the appointment of Russian Consuls to various parts of the Celestial Empire, the conditions on which trade might be carried on along the Russo-Chinese land borders, the navigation of the frontier rivers, and other matters. This treaty, at first concluded for ten years, was to remain in force unless denounced by one of the two contracting parties at the close of each decennial period. It expires again in August this year. For a time each side discharged its obligations, and all went well. Since the Russian disaster in Manchuria, we are told, the terms of this treaty have been systematically disregarded by the Chinese, to the detriment of Russia, and to diplomatic representations on the subject not the slightest heed is paid.

The Russian Press now holds that the observance of that treaty which is thus methodically violated by the Chinese was indissolubly bound up with the evacuation of the Ili district by Russia in a way which bodes ill for the peace of the Far East. And the *Novoye Vremya* writes: "Once China ceases to acknowledge its validity, Russia ought to restore the status which obtained before the treaty was signed and occupy Kuldja anew. Judging by the declarations of the semi-official organ of the Government, the Russian Government is at last resolved, in defence of Russian rights, to pass from empty words to acts. Whether this be good or bad, the fact remains that we have no other issue."¹

¹ "Novoye Vremya," 16th February, 1911.

Over against these allegations, which the Chinese deny, they set others which they maintain are of a far graver character. They affirm that Russia has herself flagrantly violated the most important diplomatic agreement that was ever yet concluded between the two Empires—the treaty of 1896. They further say that the Government of the United States is in possession of all the facts relating to this aspect of the dispute, and that China is willing and ready to publish the secret documents relating to it, and also to submit the entire question to an international tribunal, as is now the wont of the Powers of Europe and Asia. This seems a case of arbitration if ever there was one: an accusation on one side of a breach of treaty obligations against the other side, which retorts by traversing the statement and alleging a worse breach of treaty obligations on the other. Far more serious differences have of late years been compromised by Great Britain and France, France and Russia, Russia and Japan. And one hopes that China and Russia will settle their dispute in a similar peaceful way.

It may, however, be surmised and Russia doubtless entertains no illusions on this score, that the negotiations will be carried on by the Eastern plenipotentiaries in a spirit different from that to which the Russians have been accustomed since the eighties of last century. Nor would it be fair to attribute this change to the issue of the Manchurian campaign and to the altered opinion which China holds of her powerful neighbor. It has most of its roots in the rapid growth of China's self-consciousness. Her international political development has been as sudden as that of Turkey, whose transformed psyche we all profess to understand.

The position of the Tsar's Government is briefly this: The treaty of

1881, which is still in full force, empowers Russians to import tea from Hankow to Mongolia duty free, and sell it there; but the Chinese officials, ignoring this right, levy duty invariably. Again, it is open to the Tsar's Government, in virtue of the same treaty, to appoint Consuls to Kobdo, Khami and Guchen, but the Chinese Foreign Office has obstinately backed out of the stipulation, and the intention of the Russian Foreign Office to send Consuls to these towns has been persistently thwarted. Lastly, there are mixed courts in China, where the native Amban and the Russian Consul must sit together to adjudge cases brought for trial; but the native Ambans systematically absent themselves, so that the tribunal cannot sit. In Gilin hundreds of lawsuits of great importance to Russian merchants have been shelved for years, to the grievous detriment of trade and commerce. During two years the St. Petersburg Foreign Office has been sending friendly representations on these subjects to Peking and receiving the stereotyped reply that Russia's demands would be forthwith complied with, the Chinese Government being animated by feelings of cordial friendship for its puissant neighbor. Nothing more. Meanwhile the local authorities, whose manners frequently merge into insolence, continued their illegal practices, pleading stringent instructions received from the Chinese Foreign Office. Thus for two years Russian subjects have been methodically bereft of rights which are not—cannot be—questioned; but now the Imperial Government is minded to enforce those rights, keeping the goal steadily in view and paying scant heed to the route leading to it. The note of the 16th February, in the estimation of the Imperial Government, is not an ultimatum either in form or substance. It is but a keen diplomatic summing up

of three years' vain endeavors to induce China to discharge duties of such nature that no nation can shirk them without displaying unfriendliness to the other nation and implying contempt for laws and customs of all civilized nations. A formal ultimatum must have contained a term before the expiry of which the demands should be complied with. The Russian note, which fixes no date, is but a fair presentation of Russia's grievances and a frank reminder that unless they are speedily redressed Russia will herself employ efficacious means to redress them.

If this reminder also be disregarded the Russian Government will present a formal ultimatum, in which a term will be assigned, after the expiry of which diplomatic notes will be succeeded by overt acts emanating from a State department very different from the Foreign Office. In all probability the Government will allow about three weeks for the significance of the message to sink into the mind of diplomatic China. If within that period Russia be allowed to exercise all and sundry rights conferred upon her by the treaty of 1881 all will be well. But there must be no temporizing, no minimizing. Illegal duties on imports must be abolished unmistakably in act as well as on paper. The *exequatur* for Russian Consuls to the cities named in the note must be issued, so that the Consuls may set out for their posts without delay, and lawsuits awaiting hearing before mixed tribunals must be taken in hand and tried. Restitution of all other curtailed rights must also be made in a similar trenchant style. Should the Chinese Government either shrink from thus giving satisfaction to Russia or have recourse to mere make-believe, the Tsar's Government will change its tactics. What course will then be pursued? I have good grounds for stating that in this

case the War Office would rig out a formidable military expedition and despatch it to the Ili district, which is situate east of Semiretchensk, and occupy that part of Chinese territory until the Pekin Government gives way. No serious resistance on the part of China is anticipated, but in any case the Russian War Office would see the matter through to a successful issue. What would happen after that would depend largely upon circumstances that cannot as yet be focussed. That is the present state of things, without exaggeration or extenuation of any of its essential elements.

The matter, however, possesses another aspect worth considering. The rights, to enforce which Russia is resolved to proceed to these lengths are short-lived, having but six months still to run. That is why I assigned as motive for present action the wounded sense of national dignity rather than value of material interests involved. The treaty of 1881 may, and probably will, be denounced by China. The Russian Government is quite prepared for the denunciation of the treaty if China be dissatisfied with it, and is ready at any time to enter into negotiations with the Pekin Foreign Office with the object of concluding a new treaty. On this subject any proposals coming from China, whatever their nature, will receive immediate, careful and friendly attention. Moreover, Russia hugs no illusions, clings to no prejudices, insists on no special privi-

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leges. She will approach the matter with a perfectly open mind, and discuss the schemes, if China have formulated any, in a friendly spirit, mindful of the necessity of establishing truly amicable relations between two great peoples whose common frontiers extend over such enormous distance. If Chinese statesmen be actuated by like aims, the representatives of the two States will soon find a broad, solid basis for a satisfactory, stable settlement of their differences and good neighborly intercourse. Russia covets no territory belonging to the Chinese Empire, desires no undue influence in Pekin; she is only anxious, but also resolved, to exercise her recognized rights. It is absolutely safe to affirm that, if the worst comes to the worst and a military expedition be despatched to the Ili district, Russia would even then abstain from annexing Chinese territory and confine herself to the attainment of the unique object she set herself. I am likewise enabled to declare categorically that the Russian authorities do not share the view recently set forth by many Press organs that the violation of the rights conferred by the treaty of 1881 is deemed to be tantamount not only to the abrogation of the treaty, but also to the restitution of the *status quo ante*, including the occupation of Kuldja. Russia's treaty rights do not stand in a causal nexus with the evacuation of Kuldja, and the St. Petersburg Foreign Office never fancied they did.

E. J. Dillon.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

II.—"A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING."

The scene is a drawing-room (in which the men are allowed to smoke—or a smoking-room in which the women are allowed to draw—it doesn't much matter) in the house of somebody or other in the

country. George Turnbull and his old College friend, Henry Peterson, are confiding in each other, as old friends will, over their whiskies and cigars. It is about three o'clock in the afternoon.

George (*dreamily, helping himself to a stiff soda*). Henry, do you remember that evening at Christ Church College, five years ago, when we opened our hearts to each other . . .

Henry (*lighting a cigar and hiding it in a fern-pot*). That moonlight evening on the Backs, George, when I had failed in my Matriculation examination?

George. Yes; and we promised that when either of us fell in love the other should be the first to hear of it? (*Rising solemnly*.) Henry, the moment has come. (*With shining eyes*.) I am in love.

Henry (*jumping up and grasping him by both hands*). George! My dear old George! (*In a voice broken with emotion*) Bless you, George!

[*He pats him thoughtfully on the back three times, nods his head twice, gives him a final grip of the hand, and returns to his chair.*]

George (*more moved by this than he cares to show*). Thank you, Henry. (*Hoarsely*.) You're a good fellow.

Henry (*airily, with a typically British desire to conceal his emotion*). Who is the lucky little lady?

George (*taking out a picture postcard of the British Museum and kissing it passionately*). Isobel Barley!

[*If Henry is not careful he will probably give a start of surprise here, with the idea of suggesting to the audience that he (1) knows something about the lady's past, or (2) is in love with her himself. He is, however, thinking of a different play. We shall come to that one in a week or two.*]

Henry (*in a slightly dashing manner*). Little Isobel? Lucky dog!

George. I wish I could think so. (*Sighs*.) But I have yet to approach her, and she may be another's. (*Fiercely*) Heavens, Henry, if she should be another's!

Enter Isobel.

Isobel (*brightly*). So I've run you to

earth at last. Now what have you got to say for yourselves?

Henry (*like a man*). By Jove! (*looking at his watch*)—I had no idea—is it really—poor old Joe—waiting—

[*Dashes out tactfully in a state of incoherence.*]

George (*rising and leading Isobel to the front of the stage*). Miss Barley, now that we are alone I have something I want to say to you.

Isobel (*looking at her watch*). Well, you must be quick. Because I'm engaged—

[*George drops her hand and staggers away from her.*]

Isobel. Why, what's the matter?

George (*to the audience, in a voice expressing the very depths of emotion*). Engaged! She is engaged! I am too late!

[*He sinks into a chair and covers his face with his hands.*]

Isobel (*surprised*). Mr. Turnbull! What has happened?

George (*waving her away with one hand*). Go! Leave me! I can bear this best alone. (*Exit Isobel*.) Merciful heavens, she is plighted to another!

Enter Henry.

Henry (*eagerly*). Well, old man?

George (*raising a face white with misery—that is to say, if he has remembered to put the French chalk in the palms of his hands*). Henry, I am too late! She is another's!

Henry (*in surprise*). Whose?

George (*with dignity*). I did not ask her. It is nothing to me. Good-bye, Henry. Be kind to her.

Henry. Why, where are you going?

George (*firmly*). To the Rocky Mountains. I shall shoot some bears. Grizzly ones. It may be that thus I shall forget my grief.

Henry (*after a pause*). Perhaps you are right, George. What shall I tell—Her?

George. Tell her—nothing. But should anything (*feeling casually in his pockets*) happen to me—if (*going over*

them again quickly) I do not come back, then (searching them all, including the waistcoat ones, in desperate haste), give her—give her—give her (triumphantly bringing his handkerchief out of the last pocket) this, and say that my last thought was of her. Good-bye, my old friend. Good-bye.

[Exit to Rocky Mountains.

Enter Isobel.

Isobel. Why, where's Mr. Turnbull?

Henry (sadly). He's gone.

Isobel. Gone? Where?

Henry. To the Rocky Mountains. To shoot bears. (Feeling that some further explanation is needed.) Grizzly ones, you know.

Isobel. But he was here a moment ago.

Henry. Yes, he's only just gone.

Isobel. Why didn't he say good-bye? (Eagerly.) But perhaps he left a message for me? (Henry shakes his head.) Nothing? (Henry bows silently and leaves the room.) Oh! (She gives a cry and throws herself on the sofa.) And I loved him! George, George, why didn't you speak?

[Enter George hurriedly. He is fully dressed for a shooting expedition in the Rocky Mountains and carries a rifle under his arm.

George (to the audience). I have just come back for my pocket-handkerchief. I must have dropped it in here some-
Punch.

where. (He begins to search for it, and in the ordinary course of things comes upon Isobel on the sofa. He puts his rifle down carefully on a table, with the muzzle pointing at the prompter rather than at the audience, and staggers back.) Merciful heavens! Isobel! Dead! (He falls on his knees beside the sofa.) My love, speak to me!

Isobel (softly). George!

George. She is alive! Isobel!

Isobel. Don't go, George!

George. My dear, I love you! But when I heard that you were another's, honor compelled me—

Isobel (sitting up quickly). What do you mean by another's?

George. You said you were engaged!

Isobel (suddenly realizing how the dreadful misunderstanding arose which nearly wrecked two lives). But I only meant I was engaged to play tennis with Lady Carbrook!

George. What a fool I have been! (He hurries on before the audience can assent.) Then, Isobel, you will be mine?

Isobel. Yes, George. And you won't go and shoot nasty bears, will you, dear? Not even grizzly ones?

George (taking her in his arms). Never, darling. That was only (turning to the audience with an air of one who is making his best point) A Slight Misunderstanding.

Curtain.

A. A. M.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER II.—ON THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

By OWEN SEAMAN.

1. From which of his poems (not itself a drama) may we gather that Browning fancied himself a playwright?
2. How does one of the poet's unnamed characters propose to treat his runaway wife if they should meet in Paradise? Quote the actual words.
3. You and I and Galileo—what defect common to us all is noted by Browning?
4. "For they do all, dear women young and old,
Upon the heads of them bear notably
This badge of soul and body in repose."

What was the badge? and in what country worn?

5. Which two of Browning's characters had the best whole day's holiday?

6. "All's gules again." On whose arms? and how was the color restored?

7. What is Browning's so-called rhyme for Lucifer?

8. "Here is the lover in the smart disguise."

What was the scene of this observation?

9. (a) To whom did Browning give the title "sun-treader"?

The Cornhill Magazine.

(b) Who took her name from the flower of the wild pomegranate?

10. (a) Quote the passage in which Browning laughs at Byron's grammar.

(b) In which other of his long poems does he ridicule Byron's address to Ocean in "Childe Harold"?

11. Who described Elys' head as being "sharp and perfect like a pear"? Who quoted, and to whom, the song in which these words occur?

12. Who was it that found, in the spectacle of "Charles's Wain" at midnight, a sign that he must get his hair cut at once?

THE OLD ROADS OF THE BLACK DEATH.

There is no reason for exaggerated alarm that even such an appalling contagion as the plague now raging in Northern China will not yield to the united effort of modern science and the intelligent policy of modern government and society. The immense measures of military exclusion alone represent an application of the principle of co-operation impossible in the days when the Golden Horde dominated the puny Tsars of Russia, or when the Persian Monarchy was still a danger to the Roman Empire and when the Prophet of Mecca had not yet been born for the glory of Islam. Whole armies of Russians, Chinese, and Japanese surround the infected area; and we fear that the iron order given to all those soldiers, in the case of suspected sufferers approaching too persistently the "cordon sanitaire," is "Do not hesitate to shoot." But when a single rat or marmot can bring death to a great city, when a bale of goods can carry pestilence for thousands of miles, when international communications are more frequent and facile than ever before in the history of the world, there is no country of civilization or barbarism which can afford

to be indifferent to the duty of precaution. Besides, the rat plague, which is the same thing as the human plague, is already in the heart of England. In subterranean drains and burrows there is going on every hour of the day, here in tranquil England, the frenzied rush of thousands and hundreds of thousands of the rodents, maddened by the tortures of the disease, flying desperately from county to county before the horrible death which pursues them. They have already infected English men and women and children who have died. Their human victims are happily only counted by units; but if the pneumonic plague which wiped out a family at Freston were to happen in a crowded, alien ghetto in the East End of London, could we be secure from a renewal of the scenes of antiquity and the Middle Ages?

The old roads of the Black Death are still open to the coming of the same invasion. The track which led from Northern China to Connemara in the century of the *Mors Atrocissima* still extends before the same most atrocious death. And the ravages of the pestilence in Manchuria to-day are described

by doctors and correspondents in language of horror and sorrow practically identical with the words of the Franciscan annalists, John Clyn and Thady Dowling, writing, in the year 1348, the description of the Black Death in their *Annalium Hibernie Chronicon*: "That pestilence depopulated whole villages and towns, castles and market-places, so that scarcely an inhabitant remained. The contagion worked so mightily that whosoever touched a sick man or a corpse was at once infected and died. The penitent and the father-confessor were buried together. The terror of death drove men away from love of neighbor and from the burying of the dead. Man and wife, children and servants went the same road—the way of the Death." Few Irishmen realize that something far worse than "the tyranny of England" again and again laid in ruin the industry, and annihilated the population, through wide regions of their verdant and smiling land. The thousands of miles between Kharbin and Kilkenny, where the Franciscan annalists described what they saw in 1348, still happily intervene between Manchuria and Ireland; but it is the same Black Death which is at Kharbin to-day; and modern science has to grapple with the fact that communications are easier, even if science is immeasurably wiser, than six hundred years ago.

Besides, the plague came again and again to Europe since the awful visitation of the fourteenth century. Under the Merry Monarch it broke out in London, and again slew its tens of thousands above the forgotten plague pit of Smithfield, where fifty thousand Englishmen and Englishwomen had been buried together in the year of the Black Death, three hundred and twenty years before. What a reflection that even to-day, deep under the foundations of that busy quarter of modern London, pickaxe and spade might still

stir the mouldering bones of some of those slaughtered myriads who died like flies, as the miserable coolies are dying in the Manchurian cities to-day! And fifteen years before the Great Plague of London in 1665 the pestilence had raged in Ireland, completing the destruction wrought by the Cromwellian armies, and not sparing the Cromwellian victors as well. When General Ireton, Cromwell's own son-in-law, hanged the Catholic Bishop of Emly, Dr. Albert O'Brien, after the capture of Limerick by the merciless Nonconformists, it was said that the murdered bishop, before mounting the gallows, had turned and summoned the Lord General Ireton to the judgment of God. And lo! the iron soldier sickened of the plague and went to the judgment of God! But the deaths of the Cromwellians were few and far between, when compared with the destruction which fell upon the Irishry in that horrible time. "Eight months together has the plague raged in Galway," wrote the Most Reverend Provost Patrick Lynch to Monsignor Massari, the Secretary of Propaganda at Rome, on May 1, 1650, "and the city has become a wilderness. Three thousand are the corpses, and all the living population have fled." Of all the priests of Galway, "*solum remanserunt mecum duo collega.*" Of the state of Dublin the Secretary of Propaganda heard still more awful news. "In Dublin have thirty thousand died of the pest." And then the pest came to England, carried back perhaps in the baggage of the ruthless Ironsides who had wielded the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

The road of the plague always seems to have been the same road, and ever the scourge marched from the Far East to the westernmost West. Its apparitions also seem invariably to have been connected with great movements and disturbances among nations and peoples, wanderings of races, and the dis-

placements and transportations of persons and commodities which arise in the course of extensive commerce and what is called the development of international relations. Nature seems to dislike those arbitrary interferences with the slow deposits of centuries which are effected by great conquerors and by great merchants and mercantile communities. When the plague came first to Europe in the days of the Ancient World it came out of the Levant, that *sentina gentium*, and it broke out in the harbor of Athens. That was 429 years before Christ. The mercantile fleets of the Athenian Empire concentrated the products of the known and unknown East along the wharves of the Piræus, and the eastern plague landed along with other commodities. A thousand years was to pass before the bubonic plague was to come to Europe on a vast and awful scale, after the migrations of the barbarians had thrown up from their depths all the settled races of the world, after Goths and Visigoths, and Vandals and Huns had crossed all borders of the Roman civilization, when Justinian and Theodora were reigning on the imperial throne at Constantinople. The Huns, especially those savage Mongolians who drew the recruits for their hordes from the Siberia and Manchuria of to-day, were exactly suited to bring the endemic plague of their ancestral steppes into Asia Minor and across the Balkans and the Alps. From 530 to 580 it wasted the Græco-Roman Empire. In Constantinople the deaths were a thousand a day. Through the subsequent century it attacked simultaneously or in succession every country between Mount Ararat and the mountains of Kerry and Donegal. No century, indeed, was henceforth to be free from the awful visitor from the Far East. The armies of the Crusaders were at once to provoke and to suffer some of its most devastating excesses. **The**

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gathering of the armies from Europe to rescue the Holy Sepulchre and the gathering of the countless hosts of Asia to keep the banners of Islam above the towers of Jerusalem, all suited exactly the propagation of the dread evil which festered and spread amid the pollutions of crowds and the promiscuity of international and inter-continental encampments. The crowning horror of the Black Death of the fourteenth century had been preceded by fresh revolutions of Asia, under whose Chiefs of Tartary whose dread sultans were Tamerlane and his predecessors; and the fresh virus of the Mongolian and Manchurian wastes was poured with overwhelming venom into the veins of helpless Europe. Thirty millions of Christians perished in Europe. Still vaster multitudes of heathen and infidel races were destroyed in Asia and Africa. The economic changes alone which were caused by that wholesale annihilation of labor and industry, wealth and civilization, have hardly ceased altogether to mould the course of history to the present day. Our ancestors in those appalling years had the additional terror that no man knew what caused the death which, black and bloody, smote millions by a breath. The assembled Faculty of Paris solemnly stated, after profound consultations, that a poisonous vapor had been distilled in the Indian Ocean under the baleful conjunction of Jupiter and Mars dominated by the red orb of Saturn in a House of Hate! Perhaps we are not really much nearer to the originating cause of it all, when we have located the bacillus of the rat flea and the bacillus of the marmots of Manchuria. A breath of contagion can kill in the name of the scientific bacillus as surely as under the red House of the Astrological Conjunction which expressed the sapience of the Faculty of Paris in the fourteenth century.

THE PREPARATION FOR HOME RULE.

In the course of the debate on the Home Rule amendment to the Address, the Prime Minister turned a question from Lord Hugh Cecil, as to the means by which the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament would be maintained, with the genially evasive answer, "*Solvitur ambulando*." The answer, lightly given by way of parrying the thrusts of an acute persistent Parliamentary heckler, might none the less serve as a motto for much that is habitual in English statesmanship. We generally do solve questions in that way. Lord Hugh wittily suggested a neat translation. It means, he thinks, "walking through the division lobbies." A statesman solves most of his difficulties, under the conditions of the modern party system, by relying on the legs of his followers. Somehow, they always do the necessary walking. A more exact translation would, perhaps, be "muddling through." It is the tendency of party leaders absorbed in the tactical needs of a situation which changes with a fascinating variety from day to day and week to week, to leave the coming problem to adjust itself. It is down for next session in the programme, as a speech may be down in the statesman's diary for next month. When next session arrives, the Bill will be drafted pretty much as when next month comes the speech will be prepared. In the hurry and bustle of party warfare a statesman takes his problems as they come. The solutions are necessarily a little empirical. They are the work of men who are forced to live for the day, and they are apt to show the limitations of such hasty workmanship.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the more obvious of the problems which lie on the surface of Home Rule. There is the issue raised by Lord Hugh

Cecil. In what form will the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament be asserted? Will there still be an Irish Secretary, who will advise the Crown to give or refuse its assent to the Bills passed by an Irish Parliament, and answer for his advice to the Parliament at Westminster? That is the procedure in the case of Colonies, and while, in the early years of Irish autonomy, it might be used effectively on grave occasions, all the analogies and the practice of our Empire suggest that it would in time become an effete and obsolete check. Yet it is the common wish of both parties to the settlement that the check, however it may operate, should be a reality. Nothing would go so far to reconcile the more reasonable section of the Protestant minority to their position as the knowledge that there existed a vigilant Court of Appeal before which they might bring for review any legislation which, in their opinion, menaced their liberties. The risk of intolerance is not, to our thinking, a real one. A race which chose as its national leaders two Protestants in succession, Butt and Parnell, cannot fairly be accused of exclusive sympathies. The immense influence which the parish priest exerted in the past, mainly for good, is no longer so absolute as it was. He owed it, in great part, to the fact that he was usually the one man in the district who had education enough to enable him to stand against the landlord. Education to-day is more widely diffused, and the landlord has been bought out. But though clericalism may not be an enemy, the fear of clericalism is a danger which must be met. Mr. Redmond has himself recognized that it is by establishing the reality of the Imperial Parliament's supremacy that confidence can best be given to the minority. The

form in which this supremacy shall be asserted depends on the attitude which is ultimately adopted towards the question of federalism. It is difficult to imagine any satisfactory adjustment of the thorny question of the inclusion of the Irish members in the Parliament at Westminster which does not involve an adjustment of the functions of the House of Commons to suit the case, not merely of Ireland, but of the other three nationalities for which it stands.

These questions are central; they will not be "solved by walking." We may be sure that they have engaged, and will still engage, the attention of a Cabinet which for two years of conference and conflict will have been busied continually with the larger constitutional issues. Yet, vital though these are, it is questionable whether the success of Home Rule ultimately turns upon them. There is another problem, on which hangs the whole internal future of an Irish State. From the plantations to the famine, and from the famine to land purchase, it is finance and economics which have been the real basis of the Irish question. It is a sentimental illusion which treats the religious difficulty as the fountain of Irish trouble. A Catholic in the darker centuries of the island's history was a man forbidden to hold land, and restrained from the exercise of his brains in a profession. The consequences of a poverty which this persecution imposed, from motives which partook more of greed than of fanaticism, have made the Irish question as it is to-day. It has been complicated in its financial aspects as much by our recent efforts to make amends as by our earlier oppressions. There is for the foundation of the whole difficulty that fundamental injustice of over-taxation which a Royal Commission established with an approach to unanimity. There is the further complication of land purchase, which based an Irish re-

form upon British credit. There is the more recent complication of old age pensions, which has given to a race, in which the aged poor form a larger proportion than they do among ourselves, while the standard of living is lower, a benefit out of all proportion to any contribution which Ireland makes to the new revenues from the super-tax and unearned increment. It is on the whole re-adjustment between Imperial and local burdens that the future of the Irish State may turn. Crippled in finance, it would encounter, when it came to grapple with all its concrete problems of internal development, nothing but that disillusion which fosters unrest.

Here, clearly, is a problem that must be solved, not by walking but by counting. In this single financial issue lies work which must somehow be overtaken by careful study before a workable Home Rule Bill can be framed. The question moreover, is not without its bearings on the problem of Ulster. Is it really a narrow but idealistic fanaticism which underlies the fear of Home Rule? Is it merely prejudice, and the memory of a long ascendancy, that stand in the way of appeasement? Does this competent, hard-headed race, with Protestant England and Scotland behind it, seriously dread the risk of intolerant legislation? There are men who know Ulster, who entertain a shrewd suspicion that here also the root of the difficulty is economic. It is conceivable that what wealthy Ulster really fears is not intolerant legislation, or partial administration, but "predatory" taxation. Agrarian Ireland will want resources for its own development. The division of races is in some part a division of interests. The Protestant industrialist is pitted against the Catholic farmer. It is just conceivable that, in the adjustment of burdens, the agrarian majority might be tempted to deal brusquely with the industrial minority. There

are clearly arguments which could with some force be urged in favor of the plan which the still-born scheme of devolution propounded. It is essential that an Irish Parliament should be free to deal with its own expenditure, to economize here, and develop there. It may be less essential in the first instance that it should wield the power of taxation. As a purely temporary measure, and for a fixed term of years, there might be wisdom in an arrangement which would hand over to the Irish Exchequer a fixed sum from Imperial taxation to meet its local needs. As a permanent arrangement such a

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proposal would certainly and properly be rejected by Irish sentiment. But it has advantages which might commend it as a method of helping us through the difficult early years before the two main constituents of the Irish people have got to understand and work with each other. The year that lies between us and the production of a Home Rule Bill might well be spent in the study of such questions by a small expert Committee. We cannot afford to muddle our way into Home Rule. Three Bills have failed. The next must show a maturity and a finality which none of its predecessors could boast.

PREVENTIVE DETENTION.

In 1908 Parliament passed an Act known as the Prevention of Crime Act. It was introduced by Lord Gladstone, who was then Home Secretary, and it is only now that we are learning exactly what it meant. Last week the Home Office issued a draft of rules which clothe the bones and breathe life into the vague principles. It may be thought a strange thing that an Act should be passed of which the meaning is not interpreted till two years later; and so it is. The transaction is significant of our times, in which functionaries rule our life more strictly and more widely than ever before. Perhaps in this case it could not be helped; we should not like to be captious in a matter in which the aims of the Home Office are perfectly sound. As the rules are only tentative, however, it is necessary that they should be carefully examined, and that their effect should be corrected if necessary, by the only form of control which is ultimately effectual—public opinion. The purpose of preventive detention is, or should be, to protect the community

from being preyed upon; to remove out of the way men who have proved themselves to be a public danger or an intolerable public nuisance. But the community must not be protected at the cost of cruelty to the criminal. It is not easy to strike the balance and be fair to both sides. The new rules, which are to come into force on May-day, are an attempt to strike that balance, but, as we shall see, they refer to only one of two large criminal classes, both of which are legitimate objects of preventive detention.

The problem of the habitual criminal is the greatest of all problems in modern crime. The ferocious and desperate character who used to attack warders and prison officials whenever they came near him is almost extinct and to that extent there is an improvement in the character of British crime. But the habitual criminal, who now represents the worst kind of crime with which we have to deal, goes on. In prison he may be, and generally is, quite well behaved. He gets his good-conduct marks and gives little or no

trouble; the governor of the prison is worried with comparatively few complaints. Yet—this is the awkward fact—no sooner is the convict out of prison than he repeats his offence. The writer remembers being present at a service in the chapel of one of our largest convict prisons. "What did you think of it?" asked the Governor afterwards. "The best-behaved congregation and the most devout service I ever saw," answered the writer. "Yes, I know," said the Governor, "but these men have all been here before, and the worst of it is they will all be here again." These men are the problem. The State should not be put to continual expense and trouble on their account and yet we shall all be agreed that the thought of indefinite imprisonment on the ordinary lines is horrible. The mind shrinks from it. The punishment would be greater than the sin.

What is this preventive detention of which we have heard so much lately, but which no man has yet experienced? And exactly to what class of habitual offenders is it to apply? Preventive detention can follow only upon a sentence of at least three years' penal servitude. That we knew two years ago. But there are over two hundred convicts already in prison who are sentenced to preventive detention at the end of their term of ordinary penal servitude, and we now know for the first time to what they have to look forward. Frankly, we had hoped it would be possible to provide for some sort of not disagreeable detention which would be regarded not in the usual sense as imprisonment but (if we may draw such a distinction) as a condition of "not being let out again." In saying this we do not lean at all to the sentimental view. The sentence of penal servitude should be adequate to the crime, and the idea of punishment would be exhausted with its termination. After that the criminal

would be only kept out of harm's way. That is our ideal. We recognize the enormous difficulties of it, and we notice that the Home Secretary has felt unable to try to reach it. During the last two years there has evidently been vast confusion as to what preventive detention meant—as to how the blank cheque of 1908 was to be filled in. Consider, for example, the familiar figure of the gentle shepherd of Dartmoor, who seems to be a very agreeable person to meet but whose hands are never under control when he comes into the neighborhood of a church money-box. When he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude plus ten years of detention, most of us thought of him, perhaps, as destined merely to be kept out of harm's way—in the condition, as we have put it, of not being let out. But Mr. Churchill had another interpretation of the Act in his mind, and consequently took the shepherd away from prison altogether and "placed" him on a farm, with the result we all know. We come now to Mr. Churchill's definition of preventive detention:—

"It should be clearly understood," says the draft, "that no modification of the conditions which prevail in convict prisons can alter the essential fact that preventive detention is a form of imprisonment. Several hundred criminals of the most skilful and determined class will have to be confined for considerable periods within prison walls, and to be controlled by a staff which cannot be made very numerous without undue expense. During their detention they must always be either within locked cells or under close supervision; discipline must be firmly maintained, and hard work enforced. If there were neglect or relaxation in the supervision and discipline, it would inevitably lead to escape, or mutiny, or vice. . . . It appears a matter of much importance that this should be clearly understood and that the idea should not grow up that preventive de-

tention affords a pleasant and easy asylum for persons whose moral weakness or defective education has rendered them merely a nuisance to Society."

In other words, preventive detention is to be in a real sense servitude. But perhaps this preliminary description makes the conditions appear rather sterner than they really are to be. The draft goes on to describe the class of criminals who are to be subject to preventive detention. The habitual criminal who is an "habitual" through mental defect, or some imperfect faculty of moral resistance, is not to be subject to the new rules at all. They are reserved for the treatment of criminals who are a "danger" rather than a "nuisance" to society—men who commit crime deliberately while they are in possession of a sound mind in a sound body. These men are defined as "professionals." Stress is laid, in fact, upon the criminologist's distinction between habituals and professionals. Lord Gladstone used the general word "habituals," and, though Mr. Churchill quotes Lord Gladstone's speeches to show that he really meant "professionals," we cannot help feeling that the speeches of 1908 might have been interpreted differently if Mr. Churchill had felt differently. The police have evidently been acting for two years in the dark, and Mr. Churchill now admits that new instructions are necessary if the Act is to have any uniform value throughout the kingdom. No one is to be proposed to the Public Prosecutor (from whom ultimately the sanction must come) for preventive detention, unless he is thirty years old, has already undergone penal servitude, and is charged anew with a substantial and serious offence. In fine, under this exceptional means of protecting society, though the professional criminal's punishment will not increase in rigor, it will undoubtedly

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be more severe in the sense that it will be much longer.

Prisoners undergoing preventive detention will be divided into three grades—ordinary, special, and disciplinary:—

After every six months passed in the ordinary grade with exemplary conduct, a prisoner who has shown zeal and industry in the work assigned to him may be awarded a certificate of industry and conduct. Four of these certificates will entitle him to promotion to the special grade. With each certificate a prisoner will receive a good-conduct stripe carrying privileges or a small money payment.

If a prisoner misbehaves he may be thrust down into the disciplinary grade. Prisoners will receive gratuities for the trade at which they work, and may spend their money on small luxuries at a canteen, or may send it to their families, or may save it. Those who have got three certificates may have a garden allotment, and may sell the produce for the use of the prison at market rates. Prisoners in the ordinary and special grades will be allowed to talk at meals and in the evenings, and have "additional relaxations of a literary and social character" according to the number of their certificates.

The whole scheme leaves untouched the criminal who is most of all a charge upon one's pity—the person without a moral sense, who is not insane enough for Broadmoor, but who preys upon Society the moment he is released from prison. According to Mr. Churchill's interpretation of the Act of 1908, the Dartmoor shepherd should never have been sentenced to preventive detention. Is it impossible to segregate men like him without inflicting on them the hardships of preventive detention, as it is now defined? One would suppose them to be manageable, and therefore the objection that a large staff would be required would not hold good.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. William Burnett Wright's "The Heart of the Master" is a fresh, reverent and suggestive study of the events of Passion Week, which would attract the attention of thoughtful readers at any time, but is especially timely when the Christian world is approaching the annual observance of that most sacred season. Dr. Wright's visits to Palestine have made him familiar with the scenes through which the Saviour of men moved to the culmination of His sacrifice, and this enables him to impart a vivid local coloring to his narrative. But more important than this is his penetrating spiritual insight which gives a new meaning to little-regarded details, and puts a new interpretation upon certain incidents—such as the entry into Jerusalem and the last cry of Jesus from the cross which, to a superficial view, are full of difficulty. Houghton Mifflin Company.

To tell the story of English history from the Roman conquest to the accession of King George V. and the federation of the South African colonies, within the limits of less than three hundred pages of moderate size is the by no means easy task which Henry W. Elson essays in his "A Guide to English History" but his courage in undertaking the task is not more surprising than his success in it. He has a clear style and an unusual sense of proportion, and, writing for young readers,—for it is to the "Guide Series" for young readers that this is the latest addition—he contrives in each period to seize upon the salient points and the most striking and significant incidents. The boy or girl who reads this book with even moderate attention will obtain from it a clear idea of

the general course of the development of the English people, for which later reading may supply an indefinite amount of detail. Sixteen maps and illustrations add to the value and attractiveness of the book. The Baker & Taylor Company.

One addition more to the lengthening list of novels with a socio-economic purpose is "The Lever," in which William Dana Orcutt, author of "The Spell," imagines the career of an enormous trust, "the most gigantic piece of promotion engineering the world has seen," founded upon an altruistic basis, under the leadership of a man who combines with marvellous practical ability the optimism of an idealist. The machinations of lesser rivals against the "Consolidated Companies," the effect of attempted legislation upon it, and the attitude toward it of a certain President of the United States who holds to "a discrimination between good and bad trusts" are realistically described, and the chapters leading up to the climax are exceptionally interesting. Mr. Orcutt's women are not so successful as his men, and the wife and daughter of his great promoter, though they add variety to his pages, do not really live. But Robert Gorham himself is a striking figure, and his story points in an effective way a lesson in which the public of to-day feels the keenest possible interest. Harper & Brothers.

To fully appreciate the importance and the personnel of the new literary movement in Germany, the influence of which is being felt more and more in this country, one will find a valuable aid in reading Percival Pollard's volume, "Masks and Minstrels of New

Germany," just issued by John W. Luce and Company. Here will be found an intimate first hand view of Herman Bahr' whose play, "The Concert," is a noteworthy New York success; Ernest Von Wolzogen, who is now visiting America as the guest of German literary societies and our leading universities; Baroness Von Wolzogen, who has given fashionable entertainments in New York this winter; Schmitzler, the author of "The Green Cockatoo," "The Episode," and "The Farewell Supper"; Oscar Straus, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Waltz Dream," who has written songs for the "Green Germans" as they are called; Victor Hollander, who composed the "Swing Song"; Wedekind, who wrote "The Awakening of Spring," and other plays in which he enacts a leading role; and Von Hoffmannsthal, the librettist of Richard Strauss' "Salome," "Elektra," and "Rosencavaller," the latter of which was produced in Dresden, January 25th of this year.

Dickens-lovers, in this Dickens year, of all years, will assuredly welcome Mr. G. K. Chesterton's delightful "Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is true that all of these twenty-four papers, with the exception of the general Introduction which precedes the essays devoted to particular books, have appeared before as introductions to the separate volumes of Charles Dickens's writings, in "Everyman's" edition. But by no means all Dickens lovers possess that particular edition of his writings; and it would be hard upon them if they were forced to find shelf-room for another edition of Dickens in order to obtain access to Mr. Chesterton's characteristic essays. They are spared this necessity by the grouping of the papers in the present volume, with the general introduction

prefixed. To say clever and startling things comes as easily to Mr. Chesterton as breathing; yet, with all his humor and his whimsicalness he can be serious when he chooses. Through these essays, besides the illuminating and sympathetic comment upon particular books and characters, there runs a deep appreciation of the motives which prompted the great novelist, and the significance of the work which he did. The book may well find its place beside any set of Dickens's writings in any library; for no reader of Dickens can fail to enjoy it. Eight portraits of Dickens, at different periods between 1840 and 1868, illustrate it.

In "How Leslie Loved," Anne Warner describes the experiences of a coquettish young American widow, bewildered in the choice of her second husband by an embarrassment of riches. They include a week-end at an English priory with acrostics for entertainment; a "real English Christmas" in a chilly inn with a party of casual acquaintances — "thoroughly American and thoroughly hospitable," as the hostess is fond of saying — whose chief solicitude is for the well-being of their dog, the Earl of Arran, but from whose impertinence she only escapes by a make-believe betrothal to another of their guests; a series of visits to a fortune-teller in Hammersmith; a stay in a "real schloss," where a wedding impends and one chimney after another is being opened as the Graf in learns the increasing number of her inevitable guests; a few days at an impossible pension; and a happy ending in Berlin. The story is sprightly and entertaining, and almost wholly free from such passages in broad farce as spoiled "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" for the fastidious among Miss Warner's admirers; and it will beguile a dull hour very pleasantly. Little, Brown & Co.